

THE DIAL.

Vol. I.

DECEMBER, 1860.

No. 12.

A PARTING WORD.

WITH this number the publication of the *Dial* ceases. The simple reason for this is, that the Editor is unable to bear the labor it adds to his usual and necessary duties. We regret the necessity which compels this ; for our conviction has grown with every month that one who could dedicate his time and talent to the work of establishing in the West a bold and earnest Magazine, one aspiring to represent its robust life and its freedom, immeasurable, though as yet half-conscious, would do a great and enduring work, and one which must be crowned with that which, as Friar Bacon has said, is not one virtue, but the halo of all the virtues—Success.

We confess to some complacency regarding what we have done, and can never be brought to look upon the *Dial* as, in any sense, a failure. We could name one or two papers that we have been enabled to lay before the public, and claim that they alone were worth all the toil and expense which our project has involved with Editor or subscriber. Sweeter verses have never been sung in the land than some which have been wafted from the branches of the *Dial* through the country. And we rest from our labors quite sure that we shall see the day when the numbers remaining on hand will be insufficient to supply the demand for them.

Another advantage of the publication has been, that we have thereby been made acquainted with the names and places of those solitary thinkers and believers who constitute an isolated brotherhood, striving together, though apart, for God and Man. And these have to some extent been brought to know each other.

Our satisfaction, however, has a reverse side. We are sorry that the exigencies under which our Magazine has continued, have

made it impossible to bring out every month such a number as we should have desired. Although we have tried not to publish articles where it was not clear that their excellencies were paramount, many things have been given to the world more valuable for their ability to stimulate inquiry than to instruct. A few strong and cultivated men however, amongst whom it is not invidious to remember, especially, our most extensive contributor, the author of the papers on "The Christianity of Christ," have saved us from feeling any shame concerning a single number.

We have a word to say touching our relations with fellow-laborers in the cause of Liberal Thought. We have, with the frankness which is the privilege of a fervent interest, criticised as occasion seemed to require the attitude of Unitarianism toward the forethought and spirit of the age. But it is not in our heart to refuse the warm right hand wherever and whenever it is offered. And we now desire to say in this our parting word, that there are unmistakable signs of advance in the denomination, and indications of a reconciliation at no distant day between what are now termed the right and left wings of the Society. So long as these distinct but equally necessary elements of Religion as of Society—the conservative and the progressive—are antagonistic, they both deserve to be called wings, for wings appertain to animals, soaring and aspiring indeed, but still animals; but wings are initial hands, and when they become right and left hands—*i. e.*, humanized—they shall be found united in every organization which is thorough, and every work well done.

Somehow we have lately had ringing in our ears with a kind of mystic meaning one of Tennyson's pretty songs, which tells of a husband and wife who fell out, "as through the land at eve they went," but coming presently to a little grave they "kissed again with tears." Not without its influence toward generating a more tender feeling between "the wings" has been a certain grave that has opened. Well, we can not do better than bury in that grave every unjust suspicion, every unworthy weapon.

Chief among the tokens of a better day we may mention the generous and strong discourse of Dr. Hedge, the leading Professor at the Cambridge Divinity School, before the Unitarian Autumnal Assembly held at New Bedford, Mass., in the Church of Rev. Mr. Potter,—a rather sweeping young radical. Dr. Hedge's Discourse was entitled *Rome or Reason*. According to the best accounts and

reports which we have heard and read of it, the freest thinker could have desired but little more in form and nothing more in spirit. In it he acknowledged the Principle of the Supremacy of Reason—above the Bible, above the Church, above the most sanctified Traditions and Associations,—and maintained that any Principle which deviated but a hairsbreadth from the complete dominion of Reason, crossed the line at that moment, and really was in the dominion of the Pope. A friend who was there writes : “ On my return I found the *Dial* on my table, and almost the first sentence which caught my eye was this, ‘The lesson of Theodore Parker’s life is—On to Reason and be a man, or back to Rome and be a spiritual Chimpanzee!’ As this was going through your press, Dr. Hedge was uttering the identical words almost in his Discourse. If this, then, is the Phase into which Unitarianism is entering, can we not still be Unitarians and also free men ? ”

Undoubtedly this is the only Principle which we have been striving for. It is not for this or that theory of miracles—mythic or rationalistic—as against any other, for that would be to repeat once more in the world the offence of Creed-making. But it is for the right to think, and not be merely tolerated, or not burnt, that Rationalism has been contending. It makes no difference whatever that Dr. Hedge, or any one else, individually, should believe that the mantle of Reason will be found to cover the reorganization of a corpse in a moment ; that is an empirical question, which may be left to advancing Science. In the broad principle of Reason announced in this quasi-official way by Dr. Hedge, we have the vital power which can unite both wings of the Church in one body of saving Power ; and when Liberal Christianity shall rise on these pinions, we are sure that it will pass over the Continent with healing in its wings.

The *Dial* therefore speaks its Farewell, for the present, not sadly, but cheerfully ; rejoicing to know that when the Unitarian Association is publishing Martineau, Hase, and the Oxford Essays, there is less need for any separate literary influence ; knowing that the elements which called it into temporary life still exist and will in good time establish in the West the needed Organ ; writing as its epitaph, RESURGAM.

THE STORY OF WEST-INDIAN EMANCIPATION.

BY E. W. EMERSON.

[Concluded.]

I said, this event is signal in the history of civilization. There are many styles of civilization, and not one only. Ours is full of barbarities. There are many faculties in man, each of which takes its turn of activity, and that faculty which is paramount in any period, and exerts itself through the strongest nation, determines the civility of that age; and each age thinks its own the perfection of reason. Our culture is very cheap and intelligible. Unroof any house, and you shall find it. The well-being consists in having a sufficiency of coffee and toast, with a daily newspaper; a well-glazed parlor, with marbles, mirrors, and centre-table; and the excitement of a few parties and a few rides in a year. Such as one house, such are all. The owner of a New York manor imitates the mansion and equipage of the London nobleman; the Boston merchant rivals his brother of New York; and the villages copy Boston. There have been nations elevated by great sentiments. Such was the civility of Sparta and the Dorian race, whilst it was defective in some of the chief elements of ours. That of Athens, again, lay in an intellect dedicated to beauty. That of Asia Minor in poetry, music, and arts; that of Palestine in piety; that of Rome in military arts and virtues, exalted by a prodigious magnanimity; that of China and Japan in the last exaggeration of decorum and etiquette. Our civility England determines the style of, inasmuch as England is the strongest of the family of existing nations, and as we are the expansion of that people. It is that of a trading nation; it is a shopkeeping civility. The English lord is a retired shopkeeper, and has the prejudices and timidities of that profession. And we are shopkeepers, and have acquired the vices and virtues that belong to trade. We peddle, we truck, we sail, we row, we ride in cars, we creep in teams, we go in canals—to market, and for the sale of goods. The national aim and employment streams into our ways of thinking, our laws, our habits, and our manners. The customer is the immediate jewel of our souls. Him we flatter, him we feast, compliment, vote for, and will not contradict. It was or it seemed the dictate of trade, to keep the negro down. We had found a race who were less warlike, and less energetic shopkeepers than we; who had very little skill in trade. We

found it very convenient to keep them at work, since, by the aid of a little whipping, we could get their work for nothing but their board and the cost of whips. What if it cost a few unpleasant scenes on the coast of Africa? That was a great way off; and the scenes could be endured by some sturdy, unscrupulous fellows, who could go for high wages and bring us the men, and need not trouble our ears with the disagreeable particulars. If any mention was made of homicide, madness, adultery, and intolerable tortures, we would let the church-bells ring louder, the church-organ swell its peal, and drown the hideous sound. The sugar they raised was excellent: nobody tasted blood in it. The coffee was fragrant; the tobacco was incense; the brandy made nations happy; the cotton clothed the world. What! all raised by these men, and no wages? Excellent! What a convenience! They seemed created by providence to bear the heat and the whipping, and make these fine articles.

But unhappily, most unhappily, gentlemen, man is born with intellect, as well as with a love of sugar, and with a sense of justice, as well as a taste for strong drink. These ripened, as well as those. You could not educate him, you could not get any poetry, any wisdom, any beauty in woman, any strong and commanding character in man, but these absurdities would still come flashing out—these absurdities of a demand for justice, a generosity for the weak and oppressed. Unhappily too, for the planter, the laws of Nature are in harmony with each other: that which the head and the heart demand, is found to be, in the long run, for what the grossest calculator calls his advantage. The moral sense is always supported by the permanent interest of the parties. Else I know not how, in our world, any good would ever get done. It was shown to the planters that they, as well as the negroes, were slaves; that though they paid no wages, they got very poor work; that their estates were ruining them, under the finest climate; and that they needed the severest monopoly laws at home to keep them from bankruptcy. The oppression of the slave recoiled on them. They were full of vices; their children were lumps of pride, sloth, sensuality and rottenness. The position of woman was nearly as bad as it could be, and, like other robbers, they could not sleep in security. Many planters have said, since the emancipation, that, before that day, they were the greatest slaves on the estates. Slavery is no scholar, no improver; it does not love the whistle of

the railroad ; it does not love the newspaper, the mail-bag, a college, a book, or a preacher who has the absurd whim of saying what he thinks ; it does not increase the white population ; it does not improve the soil ; everything goes to decay. For these reasons, the islands proved bad customers to England. It was very easy for manufacturers less shrewd than those of Birmingham and Manchester to see that if the state of things in the islands was altered, if the slaves had wages, the slaves would be clothed, would build houses, would fill them with tools, with pottery, with crockery, with hardware ; and negro women love fine clothes as well as white women. In every naked negro of those thousands, they saw a future customer. Meantime, they saw further, that the slave-trade, by keeping in barbarism the whole coast of eastern Africa, deprives them of countries and nations of customers, if once freedom and civility and European manners could get a foothold there. But the trade could not be abolished whilst this hungry West-Indian market, with an appetite like the grave, cried, " More, more, bring me a hundred a day ;" they could not expect any mitigation in the madness of the poor African war-chiefs. These considerations opened the eyes of the dullest in Britain. More than this, the West-Indian estate was owned or mortgaged in England, and the owner and the mortgagee had very plain intimations that the feeling of English liberty was gaining every hour new mass and velocity, and the hostility to such as resisted it would be fatal. The House of Commons would destroy the protection of the island produce, and interfere on English politics in the island legislation : so they hastened to make the best of their position, and accepted the bill.

These considerations, I doubt not, had their weight : the interest of trade, the interest of the revenue, and, moreover, the good fame of the action. It was inevitable that men should feel these motives. But they do not appear to have had an excessive or unreasonable weight. On reviewing this history, I think the whole transaction reflects infinite honor on the people and parliament of England. It was a stately spectacle to see the cause of human rights argued with so much patience and generosity, and with such a mass of evidence before that powerful people. It is a creditable incident in the history that when, in 1789, the first privy-council report of evidence on the trade, a bulky folio, (embodying all the facts which the London Committee had been engaged for years in collecting, and

all the examinations before the council,) was presented to the House of Commons, a late day being named for the discussion; in order to give members time,— Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Pitt, the prime minister, and other gentlemen, took advantage of the postponement to retire into the country to read the report. For months and years the bill was debated with some consciousness of the extent of its relations by the first citizens of England, the foremost men of the earth; every argument was weighed, every particle of evidence was sifted, and laid in the scale; and at last the right triumphed, the poor man was vindicated, and the oppressor was flung out. I know that England has the advantage of trying the question at a wide distance from the spot where the nuisance exists: the planters are not, excepting in rare examples, members of the legislature. The extent of the empire, and the magnitude and number of other questions crowding into court, keep this one in balance, and prevent it from obtaining that ascendancy, and being urged with that intemperance, which a question of property tends to acquire. There are causes in the composition of the British legislature and the relation of its leaders to the country and to Europe, which exclude much that is pitiful and injurious in other legislative assemblies. From these reasons, the question was discussed with a rare independence and magnanimity. It was not narrowed down to a paltry electioneering trap, and, I must say, a delight in justice, an honest tenderness for the poor negro, for man suffering these wrongs, combined with the national pride, which refused to give the support of English soil, or the protection of the English flag, to these disgusting violations of nature.

Forgive me, fellow citizens, if I own to you that in the last few days that my attention has been occupied with this history, I have not been able to read a page of it, without the most painful comparisons. Whilst I have read of England, I have thought of New England. Whilst I have meditated in my solitary walks on the magnanimity of the English Bench and Senate, reaching out the benefit of the law to the most helpless citizen in her world-wide realm, I have found myself oppressed by other thoughts. As I have walked in the pastures and along the edge of woods, I could not keep my imagination on those agreeable figures, for other images that intruded on me. I could not see the great vision of the patriots and senators who have adopted the slave's cause:—they turned their backs on me. No: I see other pictures—of mean men:

I see very poor, very ill-clothed, very ignorant men, not surrounded by happy friends,—to be plain, poor black men of obscure employment as mariners, cooks, or stewards, in ships, yet citizens of this our Commonwealth of Massachusetts,—freeborn as we—whom the slave-laws of the States of South Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana have arrested in the vessels in which they visited those ports, and shut up in jails so long as the vessel remained in port, with the stringent addition, that if the shipmaster fails to pay the costs of this official arrest, and the board in jail, these citizens are to be sold for slaves, to pay that expense. This man, these men I see, and no law to save them. Fellow citizens, this crime will not be hushed up any longer. I have learned that a citizen of Nantucket, walking in New Orleans, found a freeborn citizen of Nantucket, a man, too, of great personal worth, and, as it happened, very dear to him as having saved his own life, working chained in the streets of that city, kidnapped by such a process as this. In the sleep of the laws, the private interference of two excellent citizens of Boston has, I have ascertained, rescued several natives of this State from these southern prisons. Gentlemen, I thought the deck of a Massachusetts ship was as much the territory of Massachusetts, as the floor on which we stand. It should be as sacred as the temple of God. The poorest fishing-smack that floats under the shadow of an iceberg in the northern seas, or hunts the whale in the southern ocean, should be encompassed by her laws with comfort and protection, as much as within the arms of Cape Ann and Cape Cod. And this kidnapping is suffered within our own land and federation, whilst the fourth article of the Constitution of the United States ordains, in terms, that "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." If such a damnable outrage can be committed on the person of a citizen with impunity, let the Governor break the broad seal of the State: he bears the sword in vain. The Governor of Massachusetts is a trifter: the State-house in Boston is a play-house: the General Court is a dishonored body: if they make laws which they can not execute. The great-hearted Puritans have left no posterity. The rich men may walk in State-street, but they walk without honor; and the farmers may brag their democracy in the country, but they are disgraced men. If the State has no power to defend its own people in its own shipping, because it has delegated that power to the Fed-

eral Government, has it no representation in the Federal Government? Are those men dumb? I am no lawyer, and can not indicate the forms applicable to the case, but here is something which transcends all forms. Let the senators and representatives of the State, containing a population of a million freemen, go in a body before the Congress and say, that they have a demand to make on them so imperative that all functions of government must stop until it is satisfied. If ordinary legislation can not reach it, then extraordinary must be applied. The Congress should instruct the President to send to those ports of Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans such orders and such force as should release, forthwith, all such citizens of Massachusetts as were holden in prison without the allegation of any crime, and should set on foot the strictest inquisition to discover where such persons, brought into slavery by these local laws, at any time heretofore, may now be. That first;—and then, let order be taken to indemnify all such as have been incarcerated. As for dangers to the Union, from such demands!—the Union is already at an end when the first citizen of Massachusetts is thus outraged. Is it an union and covenant in which the State of Massachusetts agrees to be imprisoned, and the State of Carolina to imprison? Gentlemen, I am loth to say harsh things, and perhaps I know too little of politics for the smallest weight to attach to any censure of mine,—but I am at a loss how to characterize the tameness and silence of the two senators and the ten representatives of the State at Washington. To what purpose have we clothed each of those representatives with the power of seventy thousand persons, and each senator with near half a million, if they are to sit dumb at their desks, and see their constituents captured and sold—perhaps to gentlemen sitting by them in the hall? There is a scandalous rumor that has been swelling louder of late years,—perhaps it is wholly false,—that members are bullied into silence by southern gentlemen. It is so easy to omit to speak, or even to be absent when delicate things are to be handled. I may as well say what all men feel, that whilst our very amiable and very innocent representatives and senators at Washington are accomplished lawyers and merchants, and very eloquent at dinners and caucuses, there is a disastrous want of *men* from New England. I would gladly make exceptions, and you will not suffer me to forget one eloquent old man, in whose veins the blood of Massachusetts rolls, and who singly has defended the

freedom of speech, and the rights of the free, against the usurpation of the slaveholder. But the reader of Congressional debates, in New England, is perplexed to see with what admirable sweetness and patience the majority of the free States are schooled and ridden by the minority of slaveholders. What if we should send thither representatives who were a particle less amiable and less innocent? I entreat you, sirs, let not this stain attach, let not this misery accumulate any longer. If the managers of our political parties are too prudent and too cold,—if, most unhappily, the ambitious class of young men and political men have found out that these neglected victims are poor and without weight; that they have no graceful hospitalities to offer; no valuable business to throw into any man's hands, no strong vote to cast at the elections; and therefore may with impunity be left in their chains or to the chance of chains, then let the citizens in their primary capacity take up their cause on this very ground, and say to the government of the State, and of the Union, that government exists to defend the weak and the poor and the injured party; the rich and the strong can better take care of themselves. And as an omen and assurance of success, I point you to the bright example which England set you, on this day, ten years ago.

There are other comparisons and other imperative duties which come sadly to mind,—but I do not wish to darken the hours of this day by crimination; I turn gladly to the rightful theme, to the bright aspects of the occasion.

This event was a moral revolution. The history of it is before you. Here was no prodigy, no fabulous hero, no Trojan horse, no bloody war, but all was achieved by plain means of plain men, working not under a leader, but under a sentiment. Other revolutions have been the insurrection of the oppressed; this was the repentance of the tyrant. It was the masters revolting from their mastery. The slave-holder said, I will not hold slaves. The end was noble, and the means were pure. Hence, the elevation and pathos of this chapter of history. The lives of the advocates are pages of greatness, and the connexion of the eminent senators with this question, constitutes the immortalizing moments of those men's lives. The bare enunciation of the theses at which the lawyers and legislators arrived, gives a glow to the heart of the reader. Lord Chancellor Northington is the author of the famous sentence, "As soon as any man puts his foot on English ground,

he becomes free." "I was a slave," said the counsel of Somerset, speaking for his client, "for I was in America: I am now in a country where the common rights of mankind are known and regarded." Granville Sharpe filled the ear of the judges with the sound principles that had from time to time been affirmed by the legal authorities: "Derived power can not be superior to the power from which it is derived;" "The reasonableness of the law is the soul of the law;" "It is better to suffer every evil, than to consent to any." Out it would come, the God's truth, out it came, like a bolt from a cloud, for all the mumbling of the lawyers. One feels very sensibly in all this history that a great heart and soul are behind there, superior to any man, and making use of each, in turn, and infinitely attractive to every person according to the degree of reason in his own mind, so that this cause has had the power to draw to it every particle of talent and of worth in England, from the beginning. All the great geniuses of the British senate, Fox, Pitt, Burke, Grenville, Sheridan, Grey, Canning, ranged themselves on its side; the poet Cowper wrote for it: Franklin, Jefferson, Washington, in this country, all recorded their votes. All men remember the subtlety and the fire of indignation, which the *Edinburgh Review* contributed to the cause; and every liberal mind, poet, preacher, moralist, statesman, has had the fortune to appear somewhere for this cause. On the other part, appeared the reign of pounds and shillings, and all manner of rage and stupidity; a resistance which drew from Mr. Huddleston in Parliament the observation, "That a curse attended this trade, even in the mode of defending it. By a certain fatality, none but the vilest arguments were brought forward, which corrupted the very persons who used them. Every one of these was built on the narrow ground of interest, of pecuniary profit, of sordid gain, in opposition to every motive that had reference to humanity, justice, and religion, or to that great principle which comprehended them all." This moral force perpetually reinforces and dignifies the friends of this cause. It gave that tenacity to their point which has insured ultimate triumph; and it gave that superiority in reason, in imagery, in eloquence, which makes in all countries anti-slavery meetings so attractive to the people, and has made it a proverb in Massachusetts, that "eloquence is dog-cheap at the anti-slavery chapel?"

I will say further, that we are indebted mainly to this movement,

and to the continuers of it, for the popular discussion of every point of practical ethics, and a reference of every question to the absolute standard. It is notorious, that the political, religious, and social schemes, with which the minds of men are now most occupied, have been matured, or at least broached, in the free and daring discussions of these assemblies. Men have become aware through the emancipation, and kindred events, of the presence of powers, which, in their days of darkness, they had overlooked. Virtuous men will not again rely on political agents. They have found out the deleterious effect of political association. Up to this day, we have allowed to statesmen a paramount social standing, and we bow low to them as to the great. We can not extend this deference to them any longer. The secret can not be kept, that the seats of power are filled by underlings, ignorant, timid and selfish, to a degree to destroy all claim, excepting that on compassion, to the society of the just and generous. What happened notoriously to an American ambassador in England, that he found himself compelled to palter, and to disguise the fact that he was a slave-breeder, happens to men of state. Their vocation is a presumption against them, among well-meaning people. The superstition respecting power and office, is going to the ground. The stream of human affairs flows its own way, and is very little affected by the activity of legislators. What great masses of men wish done will be done; and they do not wish it for a freak, but because it is their state and natural end. There are now other energies than force, other than political, which no man in future can allow himself to disregard. There is direct conversation and influence. A man is to make himself felt by his proper force. The tendency of things runs steadily to this point, namely, to put every man on his merits, and to give him so much power as he naturally exerts—no more, no less. Of course, the timid and base persons, all who are conscious of no worth in themselves, and who owe all their place to the opportunities which the old order of things allowed them to deceive and defraud men, shudder at the change, and would fain silence every honest voice, and lock up every house where liberty and innovation can be pleaded for. They would raise mobs, for fear is very cruel. But the strong and healthy yeomen and husbands of the land, the self-sustaining class of inventive and industrious men, fear no competition or superiority. Come what will, their faculty can not be spared.

The First of August marks the entrance of a new element into modern politics, namely, the civilization of the negro. A man is added to the human family. Not the least affecting part of this history of abolition is the annihilation of the old indecent nonsense about the nature of the negro. In the case of the ship *Zong*, in 1781, whose master had thrown one hundred and thirty-two slaves alive into the sea, to cheat the underwriters, the first jury gave a verdict in favor of the master and owners: they had a right to do what they had done. Lord Mansfield is reported to have said on the bench, "The matter left to the jury is, — Was it from necessity? For they had no doubt,—though it shocks one very much—that the case of slaves was the same as if horses had been thrown overboard. It is a very shocking case." But a more enlightened and humane opinion began to prevail. Mr. Clarkson, early in his career, made a collection of African productions and manufactures, as specimens of the arts and culture of the negro; comprising cloths and loom, weapons, polished stones and woods, leather, glass, dyes, ornaments, soap, pipe-bowls, and trinkets. These he showed to Mr. Pitt, who saw and handled them with extreme interest. "On sight of these," says Clarkson, "many sublime thoughts seemed to rush at once into his mind, some of which he expressed;" and hence appeared to arise a project which was always dear to him, of the civilization of Africa,—a dream which forever elevates his fame. In 1791, Mr. Wilberforce announced to the House of Commons, "We have already gained one victory: we have obtained for these poor creatures the recognition of their human nature, which, for a time, was most shamefully denied them." It was the sarcasm of Montesquieu, "It would not do to suppose that negroes were men, lest it should turn out that whites were not;" for, the white has, for ages, done what he could to keep the negro in that hoggish state. His laws have been furies. It now appears that the negro race is, more than any other, susceptible of rapid civilization. The emancipation is observed, in the islands, to have wrought for the negro a benefit as sudden as when a thermometer is brought out of the shade into the sun. It has given him eyes and ears. If, before, he was taxed with such stupidity, or such defective vision, that he could not set a table square to the walls of an apartment, he is now the principal, if not the only mechanic, in the West Indies; and is, besides, an architect, a physician, a lawyer, a magistrate, an editor, and a

valued and increasing political power. The recent testimonies of Sturge, of Thome and Kimball, of Gurney, of Philippo, are very explicit on this point, the capacity and the success of the colored and the black population in employments of skill, of profit, and of trust; and, best of all, is the testimony to their moderation. They receive hints and advances from the whites, that they will be gladly received as subscribers to the Exchange, as members of this or that committee of trust. They hold back, and say to each other, that "social position is not to be gained by pushing."

I have said that this event interests us because it came mainly from the concession of the whites; I add, that in part it is the earning of the blacks. They won the pity and respect which they have received by their powers and native endowments. I think this a circumstance of the highest import. Their whole future is in it. Our planet, before the age of written history, had its races of savages, like the generations of sour paste, or the animalcules that wriggle and bite in a drop of putrid water. Who cares for these or for their wars? We do not wish a world of bugs or of birds; neither afterward of Scythians, Caribs, or Feejees. The grand style of Nature, her great periods, is all we observe in them. Who cares for oppressing whites, or oppressed blacks, twenty centuries ago, more than for bad dreams? Eaters and food are in the harmony of nature; and there too is the germ forever protected unfolding gigantic leaf after leaf, a newer flower, a richer fruit, in every period, yet its next product is never to be guessed. It will only save what is worth saving; and it saves not by compassion, but by power. It appoints no police to guard the lion, but his teeth and claws; no fort or city for the bird, but his wings; no rescue for flies and mites, but their spawning numbers, which no ravages can overcome. It deals with men after the same manner. If they are rude and foolish, down they must go. When at last in a race a new principle appears, an idea,—*that* conserves it; ideas only save races. If the black man is feeble, and not important to the existing races, not on a parity with the best race, the black man must serve, and be exterminated. But if the black man carries in his bosom an indispensable element of a new and coming civilization, for the sake of that element, no wrong, nor strength, nor circumstance, can hurt him: he will survive and play his part. So now, the arrival in the world of such men as Toussaint, and the Haytian heroes, or of the leaders of their race in Barbadoes and

Jamaica, outweighs in good omen all the English and American humanity. The anti-slavery of the whole world is dust in the balance before this—is a poor squeamishness and nervousness: the might and the right are here: here is the anti-slave: here is man: and if you have man, black or white is an insignificance. The intellect—that is miraculous! Who has it, has the talisman: his skin and bones, though they were of the color of night, are transparent, and the everlasting stars shine through with attractive beams. But a compassion for that which is not and can not be useful or lovely, is degrading and futile. All the songs, and newspapers, and money-subscriptions, and vituperation of such as do not think with us, will avail nothing against a fact. I say to you, you must save yourself, black or white, man or woman; other help is none. I esteem the occasion of this jubilee to be the proud discovery, that the black race can contend with the white; that, in the great anthem which we call history, a piece of many parts and vast compass, after playing a long time a very low and subdued accompaniment, they perceive the time arrived when they can strike in with effect, and take a master's part in the music. The civility of the world has reached that pitch, that their more moral genius is becoming indispensable, and the quality of this race is to be honored for itself. For this they have been preserved in sandy deserts, in rice-swamps, in kitchens and shoe-shops, so long: now let them emerge, clothed and in their own form.

There remains the very elevated consideration which the subject opens, but which belongs to more abstract views than we are now taking; this namely, that the civility of no race can be perfect whilst another race is degraded. It is a doctrine alike of the oldest and of the newest philosophy, that man is one, and that you can not injure any member without a sympathetic injury to all the members. America is not civil whilst Africa is barbarous.

These considerations seem to leave no choice for the action of the intellect and the conscience of the country. There have been moments in this, as well as in every piece of moral history, when there seemed room for the infusions of a skeptical philosophy; when it seemed doubtful whether brute force would not triumph in the eternal struggle. I doubt not that sometimes a despairing negro, when jumping over the ship's sides to escape from the white devils who surrounded him, has believed there was no vindication of right; it is horrible to think of, but it seemed so. I

doubt not that sometimes the negro's friend, in the face of scornful and brutal hundreds of traders and drivers, has felt his heart sink. Especially, it seems to me, some degree of despondency is pardonable when he observes the men of conscience and of intellect, his own natural allies and champions—those whose attention should be nailed to the grand objects of this cause, so hotly offended by whatever incidental petulances or infirmities of indiscreet defenders of the negro, as to permit themselves to be ranged with the enemies of the human race; and names which should be the alarms of liberty and the watchwords of truth, are mixed up with all the rotten rabble of selfishness and tyranny. I assure myself that this coldness and blindness will pass away. A single noble wind of sentiment will scatter them forever. I am sure that the good and wise elders, the ardent and generous youth, will not permit what is incidental and exceptional to withdraw their devotion from the essential and permanent characters of the question. There have been moments, I said, when men might be forgiven who doubted. Those moments are past. Seen in masses, it can not be disputed, there is progress in human society. There is a blessed necessity by which the interest of men is always driving them to the right, and again making all crime mean and ugly. The genius of the Saxon race, friendly to liberty; the enterprise, the very muscular vigor of this nation, are inconsistent with slavery. The Intellect, with blazing eye, looking through history from the beginning onward, gazes on this blot, and it disappears. The sentiment of Right, once very low and indistinct, but ever more articulate, because it is the voice of the universe, pronounces Freedom. The Power that built this fabric of things, affirms it in the heart; and in the history of the First of August has made a sign to the ages of his will.

TO THE PRUDENT LOVER.

BECAUSE I slight the common gifts,
Will not touch the finger-tips,
Unless I draw the whole palm too,—
Yes, and after that the lips,—
You think me too intense,
Saying, no heart could commence
There, at once. But I reply,
Love is whole at the first sigh;
And I, a lover, must then give all,
Or nothing, when the Immortals call.

J. A.

SKETCH OF A LEADING ENGLISH ATHEIST.

BY SOPHIA DOBSON COLLET.

[Concluded.]

NUMBER 27 of the *Reasoner* contained an exposition, by Mr. Holyoake, of the principles of the "Society of Theological Utilitarians," whose professed objects were the following :

I. The extirpation of the grosser religions, and the refutation of the refined ones. II. The registering of theological arguments, distinguishing such as remain unanswered, from such as have been refuted. III. The reduction of the authority of the Bible to the level of profane history—Moses to the level of Mahomet—David to Milton—Paul to Cicero. IV. The promulgation of systematic morality, founded on the nature of man and his harmonious relation to external things ; a morality independent of religion, and which, instead of showing men to heaven, shows them to themselves ; and, as Bishop Butler expresses it, 'deduces their course of life and behavior from that which their real natures point out.'

"As those who are without religion are commonly affirmed to be without morality—as those who negative the current affirmations of Theology are held to negative humanity, honor, fraternity, and every other virtue, the following explanation is offered of the principles in which the members of this society do believe, and which are demonstrable primarily and independently of any religion.

"They believe in the inherent tendency of Humanity to goodness, in the invincibility of Truth, the sufficiency of Reason, and the duty of Justice.

"They believe in the poet's creed—that human nature is best elevated by delineations of the beautiful and true—and that portraiture of the wrong are only necessary to perfect the distinctness and attractiveness of the right.

"That all human duties properly commence from man, and the wise use of life is the just use of this world."

In the *Reasoner*, No. 57, Mr. Holyoake, in surveying the "Influence of the Pulpit in the Nineteenth Century," attains a still greater distinctness. Speaking of the "untutored because infantile enthusiasm," with which Theology had been chiefly assailed, he said :

"Anti-religious controversy, which was originally, and ever should be, but a means of rescuing morality from the dominion of future-world speculation, became an end—noisy, wordy, vexed, capricious, angry, imputative, recriminative, and interminable.

"To reduce this chaos of aims to some plan, to discriminate objects, to proportion attention to them, to make controversy just as well as earnest, and above all, to rescue morality from the ruins of theological arguments, were the intentions of the *Reasoner*. It began by announcing itself 'Utilitarian in Morals,' and resting upon utility as a basis. In all reforms it took unequivocal interest, and only assailed Theology when Theology assailed Utility. The *Reasoner* aimed not so much to create a party, as to establish a purpose. It threw aside the name of 'Infidel,' because it was chiefly borne by men who were disbelievers in secret, but who had seldom the honor to avow it openly. It threw aside the term 'Skeptic,' as a noun, as the name of a party, because it wished to put an end to a vain and cavilling race, who had made the negation of Theology a profession, and took advantage of their disbelief in the church to disbelieve in honor and truth."

Passing by several articles which are "progressive steps in the same series," we find in Number 106 of the *Reasoner*, the first of several chapters on the "Moral Remains of the Bible;" that Bible of which Mr. Holyoake had said in his reply to Maitland at Cheltenham, in 1842, "I flee the Bible as a viper." But now that he had been training himself to "make controversy just as well as earnest," he regarded the subject differently. The "Moral Remains" are thus prefaced:

"Of late years, numerous books have been written, exposing errors, inconsistencies and immoralities in the Bible. But we can not conceal from ourselves that this practice, by familiarizing the public with vicious incidents, has a tendency to increase the evil it seeks to cure. It has, however, had its use in revealing to the unsuspecting the mixed character of this incongruous compilation, and in checking the indiscriminate eulogy with which policy or ignorance has loaded this book. A more pleasing, but not less effective task remains—that of abstracting and presenting as a whole such moral excellences as it contains, and thereby demonstrating in an unobnoxious way the disparity between the evil and the good. . . .

"The greater part of those who accept the Bible, accept it alto-

gether, and those who reject, reject it altogether. There is, perhaps, less discrimination shown in the judgment of the book than any other (*sic*). But it seems to me not more just than wise to act differently, for he only who yields full admiration of excellences is fairly qualified to enter his protest against defects, and *vice versa*. The inculcation of a discriminating habit needs to be forcibly insisted on. Half, and indeed more than half of the theological discussions of which I have had experience, have not so much been founded on disagreements about essential truths, as on exaggerations and wholesale assertions."

The "Moral Remains" were never completed, and the chapters thereof which were published in the *Reasoner* show that the work would have been too fragmentary to have been of much use. But it is interesting as a theological exercise of Mr. Holyoake's. Here is a specimen of it—his comment on the narratives concerning Abram and Lot, Gen. xiii., xiv.

"It was striking good sense in Abram not to enter into the quarrel of his retainers. There is a patriarchal majesty about Abram's proposal that does him infinite honor. This willingness to oblige Lot, where the pride of an ordinary man would have resolved itself into pernicious obstinacy, makes this a fine example of the fraternal disposition. It is pacific dignity personated [*i. e.*, personified]. . . . A fine old Hebrew gentleman, all of the olden time, was Abram."

A little tract deserves notice here, which, though not published separately until 1850, was mainly composed in 1848. "The Logic of Death"—by which title one must conclude the author to mean the logic for (the hour of) death—is an earnest, and even eloquent expression of Atheistic faith; but there is a sombreness in its tone which does not convey a consolatory impression of that faith, though it excites additional respect for the manliness with which the author has 'accepted the order of things he found without complaint, and attempted their improvement without despair.'"

While thus developing in matters pertaining to religion, Mr. Holyoake was also engaged in secular labors, of which a brief notice should here be given. In 1844, he published the first of a series of Educational Hand-Books for the working classes, entitled "Practical Grammar." This lively volume was said by the *Spectator* to be written "in the conjoint style of Punch and an

Ultra-Radical setting the world to rights ;" a judgment not far from the truth. Interjections are not allowed by our practical grammarian to be parts of speech, because they appear to him to display weakness of mind, and he is desirous to correct our morals as well as our language. "*If I were*," sounds to his exclusively English-taught ear like the combination of a singular pronoun with a plural verb ; he, therefore, in the cause of veracity, extinguishes the subjunctive mood forthwith. Yet, notwithstanding these and other crudities, the book is useful and suggestive. It is, moreover, conceived from the right point of view — that of seeking the distinctions of language in the nature of things more directly than had previously been the case.

"Practical Grammar" was followed in 1846 by the "Hand-book of Grammar," which, besides many suggestive hints and questions, contained a pleasing selection of extracts for grammatical exercises. This work was soon followed by "Mathematics no Mystery ; or the Beauties and Uses of Euclid," a treatise which was written nine years previous to its publication, and which bears evident marks of the fact in its more juvenile and diffuse style. But even in an essay on lines and angles, the inborn tendency of the author to entertain dreams of moral perfectibility thus manifests itself :

"An important connection is beginning to be established between the principles of science and morality. More than one philosopher is found to acknowledge that 'the axioms of Physics translate those of Ethics.'* The desire of aiding, to some extent, the development of this fact, was not one of the least reasons which has dictated the compilation of the 'Beauties and Uses of Euclid.'"

In 1847 Mr. Holyoake began to contribute literary articles to the *People's Press*, a liberal, but not anti-religious, magazine, edited, in the Isle of Man, by Mr. William Shirrefs. Among these articles, two papers entitled "Hints to the Advocates of the Rights of Women," and two others on "Loyola an Exemplar to Modern Reformers," deserve mention as being remarkable for their manly sense and noble tone.

In 1848, when the brilliant series of events on the Continent renewed in our English artisans all the intensity of previously-drooping political life — for the wise direction of which but few

* Emerson.

were prepared — Mr. Holyoake sympathised warmly in all the thrilling sensations of the time, while he anxiously sought to cultivate among his fellow-artisans those principles of steadfast self-possession and intelligent forethought by which alone the reality of progress can be ensured. On the eve of the celebrated 10th of April, he delivered to a crowded audience of Chartists a lecture on the disadvantages of violence as a means of promoting liberty in a country where free discussion is safe. In the May following, he joined Mr. W. J. Linton in conducting a small newspaper, entitled *The Cause of the People*, which only lasted nine weeks. Soon after this ceased, he accepted a situation on the *Spirit of the Age*, a Socialist newspaper, in which, besides several literary articles, he wrote a series of political letters under the signature of *Ion*. After the cessation of the *Spirit of the Age*, in March, 1849, these letters were continued at intervals in the *Reasoner*, and afterwards in the *Leader*. These *Ion* letters have been the subject of much criticism and controversy, but few objectors seem to have comprehended the stand-point from which they were written. The one idea which they ever, in various directions, enforce and illustrate is this: That impulse is but the raw material of character, and needs the direction of experienced reason and disciplined conscience ere it can attain a ripe development; that, consequently, political life, as a branch of moral life, demands special culture, and severe self-training, and that without these, mere indignation against oppression, or passionate love of freedom, will avail nothing to abate the power of wrong or hasten the advent of right. By many an impulsive politician this doctrine has been bitterly cried down as cold and treacherous, and *Ion* has been denounced, in broadside and epigram, as false to liberty and to his own previous professions. This is not the first time, and will not be the last, that the severe self-restraint of a passionate soul has been mistaken for coldness, and a life of unceasing renunciation set down as traitorously politic. But those who love liberty for her own sake, can afford to meet such misapprehensions as the inevitable reward of serving her effectively among a generation on whom the very idea of political education is but just beginning to dawn.

In the beginning of 1849 he published a brief and well-condensed memoir of Richard Carlile, which, though written with affectionate respect, manifests a very creditable degree of impar-

tiality. "For," as our author remarks, "he who encouraged me to maintain the truth at my own expense, would be quite willing, if need be, that I maintain it at his."

In 1851, Mr. Holyoake published a small essay, the matter of which had evidently been some time in his thoughts—"The Philosophic Type of Religion, as developed by Professor Newman, stated, examined, and answered." Those Christians who are anxious for the conversion of freethinkers, would do well to study in this little treatise the remarkable effect which the faith of Francis Newman has produced on the mind of his Atheist reviewer. He characterises "The Soul" as a work "conceived in the highest genius of proselytism, which must command respect for the religious sentiment wherever it is read." Further on, he adds: "That which strikes me as the secret of its proselytising power is its absolute candor. . . . Knowing that no earnest men are wholly in the wrong in matters of humanity, he [Mr. Newman] does not fear to admit what is right on his opponent's side, which certainly does not indispose an opponent to admit what is right on his. He thus inspires you with confidence and respect, and this is the foundation of all healthy concurrence. This predisposing element to uniformity Mr. Newman's book has eminently. If one does not concur in it, it is because of the presence of intellectual error—no prejudice stands between the reader and the author. Others, besides Christians, who study its ability, may learn of its wisdom of manner in the written and oral advocacy of their views. . . . Religious persons have often remarked to me, 'You will find the same genial utterance of piety in the writings of many other divines [as well as] in Mr. Newman's.' In one sense this is true; there are passages of generous inspiration in the works of many eminent preachers, but expressed with less explicitness, and besides, followed by a certain equivocation which leaves you in doubt whether you may trust them. With Mr. Newman there is an unmistakableness which you feel to be at once reliable. There are no subtle texts of Scripture coming in to dilute his meaning—there are no theories of divinity crushing the vitality out of every generous affirmation. What he says once, he says all through—not in one or two passages, but on every page."

The quick perceptiveness with which Mr. Holyoake, in re-stating Mr. Newman's theistic arguments, seizes upon all its salient points—the kindred intuitiveness and ready sympathy with which

he appreciates the moral elevation, and even the spiritual beauty, which pervade that admirable work, sufficiently indicate to all who have eyes to see, that he is by no means deficient in religious sensibility, and that his Atheism is but an accident of his intellectual development. One sign of this may be seen in the affirmative point from which he comments on his author. Speaking of the section on the Sabbath, he says :

“These are the parts of the book which the public will suppose most congenial to us, but we have no intention to dwell upon them. . . . We have chosen rather to dwell on those affirmative developments which are additions to our insight into religious phenomena. . . . No review of this book has come under my notice which conveys the full spirit of it, and much I distrust my own power to supply what I feel to be wanting. All accounts of its daringness, of its strong rejection of so much to which the mass of believers cling in indiscriminating adoration, refer only to that which constitutes the framework of the book, without its life—indeed, less than that, for such rejection is merely the clearing of the ground in order to occupy it by a new superstructure. . . . No man, whether believer or Atheist, can read this book without great improvement, unless he be very good indeed, or entirely incapable of moral appreciation. . . . To children of the people, to whom scholastic guidance is never vouchsafed, beguiled by a show of popular learning which seduces them, and abandons them to mediocrity, such a book as this, profound in thought, affectionate in spirit, trusty in report, accurate in speech, is an epoch in personal history, disciplining the understanding, and giving a new tone to character.”

And there can be little doubt that “The Soul” has given a new tone to Mr. Holyoake’s character. It has quickened into more distinct form all that was previously working in him towards noble development. In almost everything noteworthy which he has done or said since then, an attentive observer may trace the gracious influence of Francis Newman ; not in the form of a servile imitation, but in that recasting of ideal aspiration, and that clearer perception and fuller development of high principles, which form the manliest tribute that one independent soul can pay to the excellence of another.

When the death of Henry Hetherington occurred, in August, 1849, Mr. Holyoake conducted the funeral service which took

place at his burial, in Kensal Green Cemetery ; a service which I have heard religious persons describe as deeply impressive. The following remarks, affixed to the discourse when published, indicate Mr. Holyoake's feeling on the subject :

"It seems to me that nothing is gained by dispensing with the Church Service, unless something as carefully considered and more personally conscientious is put in its place. It seems to me that, in point of solemnity and decorum, the Church Service is perfect ; and in every substitution of ours, the qualities of propriety and earnestness should be most anxiously and effectually preserved. It has come under my observation, that some burials of our friends have been conducted where the possibility has been left open of irrelevant things being said — and sometimes they have been said. As far as this can be guarded against it should be — and to write what facts and thoughts are proposed to be expressed is the best precaution we can take to prevent it. It must not be left open for any man to think that freedom of thought, which we claim to express, is not quite compatible with good taste. That philosophy which wants sensibility is false. It must be put past all doubt that skepticism of clerical error does not deprive us of the feelings of men or the reverence of humanity."

Passing over nearly two volumes of the *Reasoner*, we find, in No. 252, this declaration :

"What I am anxious to guard against, is the impression that we acknowledge as of our party that numerous class of persons in this country who are simply ignorant of, or indifferent to religion ; who will cavil at a prophecy, or sneer at a humble believer, but who are susceptible of no generous inspiration of moral truth, nor make any sacrifices to enlighten those whom they affect to regard as superstitious. . . . These we do not count, nor even another class, who are simply neutral and negative. We only include those whose Atheism is active and fruitful — those who are Atheists, not from reaction, but from examination and conviction, and whose rejection of Christian tenets is translatable into a clearer moral life, and into systematic and patient endeavors for the benefit of others."

Still later we find, in a funeral discourse on Mrs. Martin, the following acknowledgment :

"If we do but pierce beneath the antagonism from which all development issues, we shall see how, both with the Christian and

the Freethinker, the same intention is ever at the bottom. We perceive a principle from different points, trace it to different roots, explain it in a different language, maintain it for different reasons, and foresee for it different conclusions : but the conflict continued, sometimes darkly, sometimes wildly, is for *one* morality and for *one* truth ; and if there be in the end a Judge who looks with an equal eye on all, he will not fail to discern the motive and pardon the means."

From these passages it will be seen that a change was beginning to come over Mr. Holyoake's speculations. Most of the original minds who commence active life on the side of Negation, come to alter their formal creed after some years' conflict with the realities of life. Many fail for want of personal or intellectual self-reliance, and turn to the affirmations of Orthodoxy for moral support. Others, of less impressible temperament, grow fanatic and impracticable, from the inability to perceive any truths beyond those which are peculiarly constitutional to themselves. But the healthiest and happiest of the band, escaping both the Scylla of submission and the Charybdis of isolation, emerge safely into the *Affirmations which are the true complements of their original Negations*, and which, though long unanalyzed, and but half perceived, have really been the central fountains from which that negative preaching derived all its generous life-blood.

Thus it befel with Mr. Holyoake. The impulse which had hitherto actuated his career, had been an intense antagonism to those religious dogmas which, as he believed, tended to hinder the development of justice and love among men. Rising by degrees to a higher point of view, he began to see "how, both with the Christian and the Freethinker, the same intention is ever at the bottom"—"that the conflict is for *one* morality, and for *one* truth"—that the prevalent forms of religion were but varying statements of the same great facts of Nature, Life, Death and Aspiration, from which his own beliefs arose. Gradually it dawned upon him that Negations, however necessary, are only useful relatively to surrounding circumstances, while Affirmative Truth is permanently valuable for its own sake. And, therefore, although not sheathing the sword while the forces of error remain a-field, he has come to devote his chief efforts to the development of Affirmative Life on a free basis.

At the end of 1853, Mr. Holyoake opened a shop at 147 Fleet

Street, where, having purchased the business of Mr. James Watson (for many years the respected publisher of English artisan Freethought under the shadow of St. Paul's), he now conducts his Secular organization on an increased scale. Since the opening of this shop, he has published a little tract on "Secularism the Affirmative Philosophy of the People;" being a revised collection of some of the best thoughts he has uttered on that subject. He has also held another discussion with the Rev. Brewin Grant, at Glasgow, in October, 1854, the report of which was revised by both speakers previous to publication.

In the latter of these discussions, Mr. Holyoake has made some admissions which deserve notice. In his concluding speech he said :

"There are higher objections brought against Secularism than those we have listened to in this debate. I allude to such as say that that view of thought which looks to Realism, and trusts it, is inadequate to satisfy the longings of nature, and supply exalted emotions to those who have these opinions. We say . . . the field of Realism is mostly untrodden, and the true inspirations of life not merely unnoticed, but denied. . . . There are only two senses in which the word 'Religion' is intelligibly used. First, Its strict sense, which includes the proposition of the existence of God as ascertained, and regards God as an object of conscious worship and trust. In this strict sense, Religion is a separate question from Secularism. Second, In the relative sense of the word 'Religion,' we, perhaps, are not logically excluded from its use. Though we regard human duties as commencing from man, we consider the promotion of human happiness, purity and progress as something which would meet the approval of Deity. If there is not the recognition of God in Secularism, there is, as in all pure Moralism, the contingency of God. If Deity be not with us a dogma, it is reverted to as an ideality. Recognizing Nature as the great Self-existence, we say, if there be a God of personal attributes, Nature is God. And if THE ALL be conscious, intelligent, humane and equitable, our sincerity and our endeavors will be in harmony with the Universal Nature. We regard God, when we realize the idea of his possible existence, as the infinite enlargement of man's purest nature and highest faculties. Our principles, therefore, though not founded upon knowledge of God, as the eternal, independent Cause of all existence, are compatible

with all the trustful attributes of such a Being. Thus, while we found our principles upon the ascertained operations of Nature, and have the advantage of proceeding with the certainty of human experience, we establish the moral right to the Supreme approbation, if in life, or after death, we shall find ourselves in personal relation thereto. In this relative and ethical sense we might claim to be considered religious. For, if Secularism does not proceed upon the knowledge of a God *Actual*, it moves towards a God *Possible*."

Here, then, we close this biographical sketch; having traced Mr. Holyoake's progress from a feverish Evangelical piety, through many phases of inquiry, and so called "infidelity," till at last, after thirteen years of Atheistic activity, we leave him gradually, but unmistakably, "moving towards a God Possible."

In attempting to estimate Mr. Holyoake's character as a public teacher, the chief characteristic thereof which attracts the attention, appears to be this: that in theological criticism, which is usually abandoned to the keenest, coldest exercise of the mere intellect, he is remarkable for the preëminence of his moral development. He is not a systematic thinker. Though endowed with manly good sense, and frequently flashing forth striking and eloquent thoughts, he is remarkably deficient in speculative genius. Whenever he dwells on purely metaphysical subjects (which is not often) he seldom utters anything beyond mere common-places; and the small amount of metaphysical belief to which he does subscribe, appears frequently to escape his memory, if we may judge by the inconsistent canons which he lays down on matters connected therewith. His literary culture is also very imperfect — a circumstance which frequently leads him into awkward blunders. His little treatises, indeed, are carefully compiled, and well written, but his periodical writings perpetually suffer from his want of regular mental training. His name could never take literary rank beside those of a Strauss, a Comte, a Robert Mackay, or a Francis Newman. Still less can he pretend to the poetic genius which garlands the heresies of a Shelley or an Emerson. What, then, is the inspiration that for thirteen tireless years has urged on his steps amid every variety of dislike and discouragement? It is the resolution to *conquer a free field for human conscience*, where, unfettered by harsh creeds and unjust laws, it may develop into its

true proportions and assume its rightful position as the pupil of Nature and the guardian of Life. In this faith, Mr. Holyoake makes the circuit of creeds and customs, pleading for the application of Morality to all that pertains to Religion. In some respects this is no novelty: the immoralities of Dogmatic Theology have been indicated by a long succession of brilliant writers, living and dead. But scarcely any one of these has genuinely endeavored to deal with the practical difficulty as Mr. Holyoake has done. He has clearly understood what very few have even begun to perceive, that these harsh and crude dogmas will never be dethroned till we show their upholders that our sympathy with them as men is greater than our difference from them as theologians; till we behave to them with the respect, the good will, in a word, with the humanity, which we complain of them for not manifesting towards us. To what purpose do we denounce the doctrine of God's vengeance on sinners if we cherish vengeful feelings against those who differ from us? If we deem our arguments to be slightly met, are we quite sure that we, in our turn, have taken care to show full-hearted justice to all the elements of truth in the writings of our opponents? It is in setting a noble example in these rarely-attempted virtues, that Mr. Holyoake has made an important practical contribution to the purification of religious controversy; a contribution the value and grace of which are enhanced by the pressure of civil wrong and social scorn under which it has been made. To endure all the varieties of hostility and hate which inevitably beset such a career as his, without losing the disposition of good will and the habit of gentle speech—to do this with no support from God's love, without even the placidity of natural temperament to aid him,—with no sustenance but the chastened instincts of a generous heart—this indicates no common soul, and is, in itself, sufficient to entitle Mr. Holyoake to no merely tolerant consideration.

NOBILITY.

The question is not: Art thou
In the nobility?

This is the question: Is there
Nobility in thee?

—From *Gleim*, by C. T. B.

FRUITION.

—
O SONG-CREATING month of May,
Kindling with expectation,
Budding, unfolding—strife to be,
In throbs of aspiration!
I found companionship with you,
Help, in my restless rising;—
To-day the season's gorgeous pomp
Is cold, unsympathizing.

In this lone field, beside the stream,
I see the Autumn splendors:
The bitter-sweet hangs o'er the wall,
Clusters of glowing embers;
In sombre clumps of evergreens
The twining woodbine flushes,
And, kissed by the coquettish wind,
Yon trembling maple blushes.

Soft azure floods the crimson vales,
And wreaths the summits hoary,
Picturing in earthly solitudes
The sky's eternal glory.
Dream-anchored cloud-fleets, motionless
Are lulled in hazy slumber,
And mountains watch the floating Earth
Wrapped in adoring wonder.

The river flows through meadow slopes,
In trance of mazy pleasure,
Winding and dreaming past her isles,
Till lost in seas of azure.
The bubbles swim in willowy coves,
The wave in silence gushes,
And sleep the broad pond-lily leaves,
Among the flags and rushes.

O Earth, the sky in love descends,
Brooding with peace Elysian,—
Your boughs are weighed with rosy fruit,
You hold the dear completion!
Nor anxious sigh, nor pleading look,
For heaven a boon to give you,—
No Spring-time birth-throes, painful hope,
But rest, — for heaven is with you.

I feel the hallowed breath of joy,
 Glory and exaltation,—
 Sweet benedictions kiss my cheek,
 A touch of consecration.
 Yearning, I turn from all and wait;
 Unrest, pain, sin, contrition,
 Tears, longing, growth-pangs, fevered strife,
 Before the sweet fruition.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST.

[Final Article.]

THE RELIGIOUS IDEAS OF JESUS.

IT is impossible to say in what the religious system of Christ consisted, or whether he had one carefully reasoned out in his mind. His detached thoughts are scattered up and down the Gospels without order and without perfect coherence even, and when occasionally, as in the report of the Sermon on the Mount, a certain arrangement is observed, it is purely artificial, and is but the mechanical and arbitrary collocation of sayings according to the taste of the Evangelist. Nothing indicates that Jesus held what we call a system of philosophy, or a scheme of faith. It is difficult to conceive, however, that the leading ideas of such a person should not have held some vital relation to each other in his thought; he must have combined his main principles in something like a system, harmonious though expansive, and perhaps loose. At least from the few splendid fragments of teaching which we possess, it is an easy task to construct for us a system at once profound, compact and beautiful, such as may well have been his own. Every form of Religion has for its object the union of man with God. This is what religion means; it is the power that "binds fast" the Finite to the Infinite. The tenets (bonds, clamps, holdings, from the Latin *teneo*,) are the best which do this work most effectually.

A scheme of religious faith must be built upon one of three principles. It must be *Sacramental*, *Dogmatical*, or *Spiritual*.

According to the Sacramental system, a man is reconciled with God by the observance of ceremonies, the mechanical performance

of certain actions, reckoned to be holy and sanctifying. Such among the Jews were—the regular offering of sacrifice, frequent attendance at the temple-worship, at the national feasts and fasts; the paying of tithes; careful keeping of the *ritual* Law, touching the Sabbath; abstinence from meats; purifications; cleansing of dwellings, garments, vessels, and the like; punctilious regard for the *moral* Law in its negative injunctions to do no murder, no stealing, lying, violating, blaspheming, traducing; and in its positive injunctions to give a certain portion of the income in alms to the poor. Among the Catholics such sacramental acts, by which man purchases the favor of God, are baptism and communion; penance, including self-abnegation; liberality to the Church; alms-giving, and other similar performances. Protestants also have their sacramental deeds, their religious ordinances for the body. They are—corporal presence at church; corporal presence at communion; office of prayer; reading the Holy Book; baptism, and abstinence from worldly amusements. Such acts are regarded as sacred and sanctifying. The performance thereof is reckoned meritorious before God; sacrifice is good and well-seeming in His sight. Sacramental religion is of the lowest kind. It belongs to the infant condition of man, and prevails most extensively among uncivilized nations, in unenlightened ages; the religion of the Hottentot and the Carib, of the Calmuck and the Camanche, is of this type; and it is no more dignified in the people of Catholic and Protestant Christendom than it is among these savage tribes. The presence of the sacramental element in our modern religions indicates that we are still, to a certain extent, barbarous and childish; and the zeal which Christians manifest in its preservation, their eagerness to perpetuate it, even in spite of the faith of Jesus, which they profess, their persistency in calling those infidels who discard it, even now, only proves how slowly the human race outgrows its infancy; how dull is the intelligence of the best educated communities in the present boasted age of light, and how obstinately men will prostrate themselves before their idols, insisting that they are no idols, because they are not figures of wood or stone. Even in educated New-England, called the “salt” of America, and the “candle” of the Continent, the sacramental part of religion is still deemed the most essential part, and the teaching of a pure Christianity without circumcision, fasts, and ordinances, is flouted as the vain

prattle of transcendental philosophy, or the treacherous talk of a disguised infidelity.

Dogmatical Religion is of a slightly higher grade than sacramental, inasmuch as it implies the action, however mechanical, of intellect. People who have outgrown the idea that they can handle God with their fingers, eat Him in a consecrated wafer, receive His spirit in a few drops of cold water sprinkled upon the forehead, come into His presence by entering a church, or reach His senses by odorous fumes of incense, and the flattering voice of prayer,—still think to bring Him near to them by a formal act of belief. The impression seems to be that God incarnates Himself in certain opinions, and makes His holy habitations in some “body of Divinity;” His grace fills the dogma of Trinity, or Transubstantiation; His spirit nestles among the five points of Calvinism; His glory is revealed in the doctrine of the Deity of Christ, and is plain to the believer in Human Depravity; His comforting soul loves such a temple as Eternal Damnation offers him to dwell in. Would you find God? Men say, you must believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, for that is the volume which contains Him. The Catholic avers that He quickens, with His especial grace, the propositions of his Church. The Protestant contends that He crouches beneath the fundamentals of his Creed. The Calvinist tells us we shall certainly miss Him if we do not receive implicitly the doctrine of Election. The Lutheran assures us that we are out of his range if we do not hold to “Justification by Faith.” The Unitarian is persuaded that the Living Spirit of Deity can not be apprehended except by one who accepts unreservedly the New Testament miracles. These are sacramental opinions. Simply to assent to them in ever so dogged a fashion is enough. You need not understand them; you need not have investigated them; you need not entertain them with any depth and earnestness of conscience. Only receive them; only do not deny and reject them, and they will bridge over the gulf betwixt you and the Infinite. We said that dogmatical religion was superior to sacramental religion, in that it substituted an act of the intellect for an act of the body. Perhaps this is using rather strong language. Dogmatical religion does not, strictly speaking, require an act of intellect, but only an act of will, dispensing with the act of intellect. The sacramental belief is quite as mechanical as the sacramental ceremony; being fully as much a matter of habit and routine. The religion of

doctrines does not ask its disciples to think ; on the contrary, it discourages their thinking, for thought leads to doubting, and doubting leads to unbelief, and unbelief swings one clear away from the influence of God : swings him off into perdition. Belief, therefore, is a sacrament ; something to be had and held as a matter of course ; something to be maintained against knowledge and reason, if need be ; to be maintained at all events. The religion of all the Protestant sects, without one solitary exception, is mainly dogmatical. The Unitarian stands here upon the same ground with the Calvinist, for if he does not avowedly hope to make himself one with God through opinions, he admits no possibility of becoming one with him if certain opinions are discarded.

Spiritual Religion seeks to make perfect the union between man and God through the exercise of moral and spiritual qualities through natural truth and goodness ; not by any conventional acts of the body, not by any conventional acts of the mind, but by the real acts of the conscience and the soul. Man is made at one with God by becoming *like* God — by worshipping the highest ideal he knows, by repeating in himself the attributes he adores ; and by manifesting toward others the disposition which the Great Father exhibits toward him. To be obedient to the soul's best prompting ; to love God with heart, mind and strength, with affection, reason and will ; to love man like oneself, doing unto others as one would have them do unto him ; to do unto others as the Heavenly Father does unto all, — this is spiritual religion, religion without saving ordinances, and without saving creed — simple and undefiled ; its faith a conviction of the pure heart ; its sacraments the endeavors of a loyal will.

Such, if we know it at all, was the religion of Christ ; such was his religious system, if we insist upon his having a religious system. So far as his ideas are presented to us, they shape themselves into a form of doctrine that is strictly moral and spiritual.

Religion, from its nature, supposes two terms — Man and God ; and the character of either one of these terms defines the other. The primary doctrine of all Religion is the doctrine respecting *Man*. This comes first. The idea of God takes its shape from the theory we entertain in regard to Human Nature. The Calvinist, who looks upon human nature as utterly corrupt and depraved, must have a conception of God entirely different from the Socialist, who looks upon human nature as finished and perfect.

Besides, man is the only being whose nature we can scientifically explore. The facts are every day before us, and are subject to our familiar observation ; of human nature we may know something ; of the divine nature we can only infer something. Ourselves we can examine. God we can only theorize upon.

Jesus' doctrine of human nature seems to have been eminently natural. He was no metaphysician ; he was no theorist ; he had no grand cosmogony and fanciful theory of the world to start with. He took men as he found them ; and if in estimating their moral constitutions and characters he judged them in some degree by himself, he did only what was unavoidable and just. As he saw he judged ; and seeing with such pure eyes as his, he must have judged truly. That Jesus taught the depravity of human nature in any form, or in any sense, no one has ever dared to assert. The authors and abettors of that slander are very careful not to quote him. According to Christ, man is neither good nor evil, but has boundless capacity for both. He certainly takes no rose-colored view of human nature in the persons of the Scribes and Pharisees, the blasphemers and hypocrites of his time. He believes, evidently, that men may be sinners ; but also he believes that men may be saints — nay, he is persuaded that they ought to be saints. In "*natural*" people, people not hardened and distorted by formality and hypocrisy, Jesus never fails to recognize an altogether endless capability for excellence. However poor and wretched they may be, squalid without, ignorant and rude within, unnurtured and animal, haggard with passion and even scarred with vice, he sees the saving element of virtue in them, and does his best to call them forth. He seems to have been chiefly attracted to this class : to the common people, the humble and neglected, even to the outcast and excommunicated of society. And they were the quickest to receive his influence. Jesus had great expectations from men. He demanded of them the noblest things. The Sermon on the Mount was preached to no small circle of the "Eleet," but to a mixed multitude from the villages and hill-sides of Galilee. Yet the Great Teacher plainly expects them to receive his noble principles of goodness as laws altogether in accordance with their natural conscience. He assumes that men universally are able to perceive what is right ; that they confess to themselves an obligation to follow it, and stand rebuked before their own souls if they neglect the use of their power. Jesus believed, as a simple

matter of fact, in man's freedom to do what he feels he ought—to do what is just and merciful, and even what is heroic. He bids men cut off the right hand and pluck out the right eye rather than offend against the soul. He calls upon the poor halting scribe to follow him at once, leaving father and mother. The youth comes to him with his ardent feeling, asking joyously the way to the eternal life. Of high rank, privileged and rich, he has nevertheless found it easy to do what most find hard, and has learned disdain of the common-place virtues of his class. He thinks he is ready for something more. Jesus says to him quietly, "Well, if you would enter the kingdom of Heaven, sell all you have, and give to the poor." And when the youth, finding this altogether beyond his strength, and fainting at the very thought of so much sacrifice, sadly takes his leave, Jesus does not seek to stay him; offers no apology for his demand; ministers no comfort in the shape of flattery; makes no excuse for him on the ground of temperament, education, or circumstances; but simply remarks upon the difficulty of a rich man's getting into the kingdom. He summons his followers to prodigious efforts of duty, without once hinting at their inability to make them. And herein he does what all men naturally do: he takes for granted the moral freedom of men; and holds them to the facts of their own consciousness. Nay, his expectation from man is literally infinite. He sets no limit whatever to his natural attainment in excellence, but commands him to be perfect, even as God is perfect; and this when he has just been describing God as absolutely good and gracious.

This declaration, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," is the most significant that ever fell from the lips of Jesus. It is the key to his whole doctrine respecting man and God. It affirms that man is imperfect; [not finished and depraved, as the Calvinist says; not finished and complete, as the Socialist and Materialist aver; but *unfinished* and *incomplete*.] He is a child, with a brief history, and an everlasting future; he is an embryo, full of promise, now clinging with its root to the unsightly soil, but having all heaven for its expansion, and containing a prophecy of something grand and fair, that shall grow out of it, like the wonderful night-blooming *Cereus* from its hideous stalk. Starting from this idea, man's vices are defects, man's virtues are only aspirations. In all his dealings with

human evil, Christ acts as if he considered it the evidence of crudity, not the bitter fruit of corruption ; as springing from *want*, not from *debasement*. His rebuke is treasured up for those who are faithless to their opportunities, and less than they ought to be : it falls upon the well-born, the well-educated, the well-endowed, whose soul is dwarfish compared with their estate. He has no condemnation for the victims of passion, who have had no chance to learn self-restraint — for the wilful, who have never been nurtured nor loved. Christ tries to reach the latent good in the hearts of the erring and wicked. He appeals to their better conscience ; touches the quick of their purer affection ; contrasts them gently or sternly with the ideal that stands revealed to them in their own nature ; and would win or shame them out of their unworthiness by setting before them the destiny of their immortal spirits. He draws no gloomy or hopeless deductions from the fact of human sin, but administers cheer in view of the soul's eternity, and God's loving kindness.

On the other hand, Jesus has commendation for none but those whose virtue surpasses the common expectation. He does not praise the young ruler because from his youth up he has been peaceful, chaste, honest, high-minded, and an example of filial piety, but blames him, rather, because, having done so much, he had done no more. He does not praise the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury of the temple, munificent as they were, for, without suffering from self-denial, they could afford to give their talents and gems ; but he lauds, openly and emphatically, the poor widow, who, for a purpose she deemed holy, gave, in her penury, her little all. However compassionate towards human infirmity, Jesus is never content with human attainment. However anxious that the guilty shall not despond, he is equally resolute that the good shall not be presuming. Satisfied with a little worth in the feeble, and tempted, and misled, he is not satisfied with any in the strong and the privileged. All are to reach forward after an excellence as yet unattained, perhaps as yet unimagined. Guilt the most heinous is but imperfection ; imperfection, however venial, if tolerated, is guilt. Thus the humblest may have hope, and the highest have no fruition : the worst may have some merit, and the best much of demerit : the lowliest may do more than his duty, and the most faithful may come far short of his ; for desert begins when the smallest gain has been made upon the

Past, and duty does not end until achievement is fully commensurate with power in the Future.

Thus Christ's emphatic words, and still more, his emphatic deeds, teach the doctrine of human imperfection and of human perfectibility. Out of this doctrine grows the conception of God. God is the perfect man made infinite. He represents goodness filling the earth and the heavens, filling time and eternity. He is the Father of this infant man-child; a being complete in moral and spiritual attributes, complete in truth and justice, but above all distinguished for the gracious qualities of patience, loving kindness and mercy. He is a Father in heaven, and a Father on earth as well. God is active Beneficence, the substantial virtue, the living benignity of the world. He is no Brahm dwelling in the felicity of severe repose; no Jehovah arbitrary and jealous; no Triune or other mystery; no mechanician sitting above, aloof from his creation, but a spiritual being, spirituality itself in conscious energy. God is not separate from man, but within him, resting in contact with the spiritual side of his nature. "Blessed are the pure in heart," says Jesus, "for they shall see God."

There is, then, according to Jesus, no natural enmity, but a natural harmony between man and God. Man draws nigh to God by goodness and the endeavor after goodness. God draws nigh to man in goodness and the blessed influences which go out therefrom. Spirituality in thought and feeling, cleanliness of heart, rectitude of will, the upward glance of aspiration,—these make man one with his Heavenly Father, by making him like his Father. Nothing, in Christ's view, is any substitute for simple goodness of heart expressing itself in life. No sacrament of ceremony, or of dogma, will take the place of it. He tells the circumcising, Sabbath-keeping, incense-burning Jews that he will have mercy, and not sacrifice. He tells those who boast of "prophesying in his name," that in the judgment when they shall cry unto him "Lord, Lord," they shall be rejected. What availed it the priest that he put on consecrated robes and stood before the smoking altar, and mediated between Jehovah and his people, if he could not help a poor wounded Samaritan in the mountain pass between Jerusalem and Jericho? What availed it the Pharisee that he believed in Moses and the prophets, and all the books of the Law, that he paid his tithes and did no work on the Sabbath, and was

punctual in his devotions, if he omitted the weightier matters of the Law—justice, mercy and faith,—if he was full of hypocrisy and uncleanness, a whited sepulchre, shining with new plaster without, but full of corruption within. No external acts of piety and morality rendered in deference to established usage, as a tribute to social order, are of any sacramental worth. Almsgiving must be done in secret, so that the left hand may not know what the right hand doeth; then it can proceed from no motive but charitableness. Prayers must be offered in secret, for God alone will then know, and can best judge the heart's devoutness. Fasting must be the mortification of evil desires; then it is prompted by nothing but sincere contrition, which the indwelling God makes account of. Jesus is most explicit upon this point: "Ye have heard that it was said to them of old, thou shalt not kill, and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment. But I say unto you that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment." "If thou bring thine offering to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way: first be reconciled to thy brother, then come and offer thy gift." The sacrifice is nothing, the heart which brings the sacrifice is all. Moral judgments like these seem to us extremely severe. Are evil thoughts recorded against us? Is a passing desire entered as guilt in the Book of Doom? Who then shall be saved? Talk of benignity and mercy! why, this law places the saintliest under condemnation. But it follows closely and inevitably upon Christ's leading ideas touching man and God, and the relations subsisting between them. Is the inward spiritual life, life of heart and conscious, the great thing, and is man an imperfect being tending towards perfection? Then virtue for him consists in right feelings, clean desires, humane affections, innocent thoughts and noble purposes. Is God the Infinite Perfection man aspires after, the absolute reality of all his moral and spiritual being dream of? Then can He approve of nothing less than a spirituality which partakes of the same nature with his own. Do God and man meet on the plane of goodness? then is it Love that unites them, the simple, sincere Love of the heart and the soul? It would still seem, however, that on these terms the union of man with God must be impossible. If the pure in heart alone see God, who shall see him? If God loves only the hum-

ble, meek and benignant, who shall be at peace with him? True, indeed, if we speak of the *perfect* vision, and a *perfect* peace, and a *perfect* and complete union with the Infinite, this can be enjoyed only by the perfect. But if the highest attainment still leaves a gulf between the Finite and the Infinite, the lowest renders that gulf no longer impassable. If the solid virtue of the best does not make God wholly its own, the aspiration towards virtue of the worst draws down the blessing of the Holy Spirit: if righteousness itself does not give one a claim to all God's beatitude because there is something yet to be attained, on the other hand, he who only *hungers and thirsts* after righteousness, if he can do nothing more, is filled up to his capacity. All goodness unites man with God according to its degree. Only perfect goodness does it completely; but imperfect goodness, in every stage of its imperfection, so it be genuine, does it. The infinite God reaches his hand down to the meanest and the most defective of his children, and is at no loss to detect the germ of the celestial nature in each being he has created. To every one that knocks, his door of loving kindness is opened; to every one that asks, his holy spirit is freely given; every one that seeks shall find. God is all promise, all patience, all inspiration.

In all this, we find no mystery. It is natural and simple. The humblest mind can fully understand such theology as this of Jesus. The humblest will receive it most gladly.

In every system of Religion there is great parade of definition respecting *duties*, religious and moral—duties of piety and duties of humanity—the duties of each man to his God, to himself and to his neighbor. How plain does this whole matter become upon the principles of Christ! Man's duty to God—how is it fulfilled? Not by any perfunctory services of mis-called "Piety"; not by any keeping of "ordinances" conventionally esteemed holy; not by any outward sacraments of Baptism and Communion, penance, almsgiving and prayer; but by loving the Divine with heart and soul and strength, loving Truth, Equity and Mercy with the whole force of the reason, the affections and the will, obeying the perfect Law as revealed in the conscience, yielding to the perfect excellence as it attracts us through the soul.

And man's duty to himself—what is that? and how is that fulfilled? Is it not the same with his duty to God, and to be performed in the same mode and spirit? Is it not summed up in

the command to strive after perfection? Is it not intimated in the promise that they who hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled? Man loves himself truly when he loves God; and when he does love himself truly and nobly he *does* love God.

Man's duty to his fellow man is measured and defined by his duty to himself. He is to love his neighbor as himself. If his duty to himself consists in the endeavor to outgrow ignorance, sensuality and passion, to leave errors behind him, to free his will from the bands of outward circumstance and inward frailty, then in his own place and after his own ability he is to do the same for his brother—dealing with him as he would be dealt by—freely giving as he freely receives. In the highest and most inward sense he must love his brother's welfare, must forward his spiritual development, must give him instruction, must set him free from sensuality and passion, and must give aid and encouragement to his virtue.

There is no sternness in the commanding voice of Jesus when he speaks of duty. In calling on the disciple to love his brother, he simply invites him to a larger education and the love of himself. He tells him that he can not love himself unless he love his brother.

Nothing can be nobler, nothing more inspiring, than Christ's doctrine of humanity. It is only that brother shall do for brother what God does for all. The Christian must give bread to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothing to the naked, not solely that he may remove the physical suffering incident to hunger, thirst and cold, but that his brother's mind may be freed from the frightful pressure of want, that he may be raised above the depressing circumstances of corporeal necessity, and may be enabled to put forth his personal energy, to improve his lot and to improve himself. This is the motive that makes almsgiving a virtue. Christ denies utterly that there is any merit in acts of charity by themselves considered. It is the spirit that sanctifies the gold; and however great a store of outward benefit the money itself may create, it brings no store of inward benefit, either to giver or receiver, unless it manifests one heart of love and ministers to another. The soul of man, of man as a human being, is the great interest: to make this free and pure is the grand duty; hence the obligation and privilege to succor the needy and support the feeble.

The Christian is not to love those who love him, and to do good

to those who do good to him, and to salute his brethren only. What merit is there in that? Do not the publicans and sinners even the same thing? Who will not lend to one from whom he expects to receive as much in return? The Christian must aid those who have no claim upon him, and from whom he expects nothing.

But further than this: The Christian is to sustain humane relations toward those who injure him and wish him harm: not losing his love for them because they lose theirs for him; rather caring for their spiritual well-being all the more when it is endangered by hateful passions and malevolent purposes. The wicked need more help and mercy than the good; the blind and misguided are the only subjects for patience and meekness to exercise themselves on. And so the Christian, bearing in mind God's long suffering towards himself, bearing in mind, also, his own prayer for forbearance and forgiveness, is more eager to serve those whose moral exigency is the deepest.

The Christian is forbidden to retaliate upon one who has done him wrong. He must not return evil for evil. He must not make violent resistance to personal injury and affront: but rather than engage in strife with his neighbor, must submit to pain, insult and deprivation. This we take to be the meaning of passages like the following, whose force, taken altogether, it is impossible to escape, whose intent it is vain to question: "I say unto you that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." We believe that Jesus said these things. They follow from his altogether spiritual conception of human nature. And however easy it may seem to convict them of absurdity on the ground of current morality and the established order of society, it will be difficult to question their truth when we try them by the higher sentiments of the heart and reason. That they are above the level of our own conduct is no proof of their falsity. That they are hostile to the apparent well-being, and to the present constitution of modern life, does not argue that they are erroneous. It certainly is possible that the constitution of modern life will bear mending, nay, sorely needs mending and renewing even, after some such fashion as these principles of Jesus might assist.

But the religious doctrine of Jesus requires of its professors yet more than this—something more than patience, meekness and non-resistance. The Christian must not only refrain from retaliat-

ing upon his enemies. He must positively do them good. "I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." That these words mean all they express, is not to be doubted for an instant. That they are among the most earnest and significant words which Jesus uttered, and set forth one of his absolute and essential principles, must be equally conceded. Paul emphasizes the sentiment they embody in almost the same words: "Bless them that persecute you; bless and curse not. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." And if Paul, in the honesty of his human heart, or out of deference to mortal weakness, appends a clause which breaks the force and impairs the dignity of this grand Christian duty, by saying, "If it be possible, *as much as lyeth in you*, live peaceably with all men; avenge not yourselves, for God will avenge you; give food and drink to thine enemy, for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head;" if Paul, we say, by thus allowing a remnant of vindictiveness to infest the motive, while he carefully banishes it from the action, detracts something from the saintliness of Christ's principles, he proves in so doing that he felt obliged to receive the principle itself, else he might have set aside a doctrine so uncongenial to his own temperament, and so unpalatable to the Gentile world.

We all know how these moral and religious principles of Jesus are regarded by mankind. Scarcely any believe in them; they are looked upon as fanatical, by men who dare not call them so. They are tacitly assented to because they are in the Bible; but if any simple-hearted believer propounds them in the street, or urges the duty of applying them in the actual relations of life, he is ridiculed as a knave, a fanatic or a fool. There are men who can believe a flat absurdity like the doctrine of Trinity, or the Deity of Christ, or total depravity, but who can see no truth or reason in the doctrine, "Love your neighbor as yourself." And why? Because the first is a bare sacramental notion, committing them to nothing; and the last is a moral principle, committing them to self-renewal. That is the reason why they submit their Common Sense to the first and submit the last to their "Common Sense."

Jesus assigns the best of all reasons for his doctrine of meek-

ness and mercy : that God acts upon this rule of benignity and forgiveness towards all his children. Man must imitate God.

Further : He bids men seek their own Perfection. Is not that Perfection reached by patience, meekness, forbearance, self-constraint ? Can anything more advance personal spirituality than the effort to curb passion, to stifle the feeling of private grievance and resentment, to forget and to forgive ? Is there any nobler discipline than this for the moral and religious nature ?

But if it is one's duty to seek perfection for himself — it becomes his duty to promote it in others. And does he promote it by austerity, vindictiveness and the display of an unforgiving temper ? If the experience of social life proves anything, it proves that resentment begets violence, and harshness produces sensuality. It is because men treat each other like brutes, that there are so many brutish men.

Thus we have endeavored to unfold the positive religious system of Christ — showing what his leading ideas were, and how they stood related to each other. This is the Christian "Scheme of Redemption." God a Father : Man the child of God, partaking of the Divine Nature and placed in existence for the purpose of bringing that nature some way towards its perfection : the union of God with man brought about by natural goodness. Of his own nature Jesus gives no account. Of any mysterious or vicarious efficacy proceeding from his death, he says no word. The leading articles of the popular theology have no support from him whatever. If one were to turn from the language of Jesus to the systems that are taught in his name, he would be at a loss to comprehend how they could for a day exist together.

The system of Jesus recommends itself as being *natural*. It is natural religion in the most comprehensive sense, inasmuch as it includes man in nature. It is the natural religion of the spiritual man. It starts from no unwarranted assumption ; it originates in no mystery ; it does no violence to reason or to knowledge. It is only the coherent and bold enunciation of ideas which all men vaguely or intelligently, consciously or unconsciously, entertain.

It is purely a Religious System. It has nothing to do with science, or metaphysics, or philosophy. It neither depends for its truth upon any speculation in these departments of learning and thought, nor is it endangered by any discoveries in them. It fears no criticism, no doubt, no denial. It welcomes knowledge

from whatever quarter it may come. It knows nothing of the odious distinctions of the sects. It has no definition of heresy, no verbal definition of infidelity, save this: "The infidel is one who is faithless to his own spiritual nature." It has no sacramental ordinance, no sacramental creed. It has no inspired history, no inspired philosophy, no inspired book; only an inspired human soul. The system of Jesus, being purely religious, has no transient elements. It can not grow old. Time, which has impaired every other system, has but confirmed, and will continue to confirm this. Science, which has given such frightful shocks to the popular theology, turning its facts into mythology and its dogmas into superstitions, is a strong ally of the spiritual religion of Jesus. Socialism, that dreaded foe to the common credency, testifies to the power and beauty of the religion of Jesus, and says in justification of itself, that it only aims to extend and make it actual. Even Auguste Comte, the prince of modern philosophers, acknowledges that these principles must govern in the ideal state of mankind, to be realized in the distant Future.

The positive ideas of Jesus are powerful. They make men realize eternity in time. This is the faith that comforts and supports, that takes the sting from calamity, robs grief of its despair, and spoils the devouring grave. A system like that of Jesus, clearly comprehended, and fully believed in, freed from traditions and dogmas, would commend itself to society in all stages, and under all stars. It would spread like wildfire from land to land without the aid of missionaries; every ship would bear the glad tidings, every heart would bring a living gospel. Men would love one another—English and Irishman, white man and Negro, would dwell in unity together. The strong would help the weak, the weak would bless the strong. War and slavery would cease; pauperism, with its attendant miseries and crimes, would be at an end. The hateful words, heretic, infidel, atheist, would be forgotten under the cordial efforts of harmonious labor. The earth would yield a more abundant increase. Human intellect, no longer wasted in defending superstitions, and rescuing mouldy dogmas from their doom, would burst the swaddling bands of a mis-called Faith, and would stretch nobly forward in pursuit of Truth. Human conscience would be free to enact its own sentiment of justice. Hope and comfort and peace would come with worship. The kingdom of heaven would be established on earth.

DR. EINBOHRER AND HIS PUPILS.

CHAPTER IX.—THE LAST DAY.

OUR Master had some ideas about churches which were commonly called "eccentric;" he called them centric. Whatever they were, they kept him from being a regular attendant on the church in the neighborhood, which rejoiced in the profundities of the Rev. John Smith, D.D. This divine did, indeed, once visit Dr. Jecovas, and asked him why he did not, having youth about him who might be influenced by his example, attend church? To which the Dr. replied that he never willingly omitted the duty of attending the Sanctuary. On being further pressed as to whose church he attended, he replied — "God's."

Whereupon Parson Smith, very much affected, went home and prepared a titanic discourse on the tendencies of Science to foster Deism. (How fearful is this Deism, — *i. e.*, strictly, the belief in God!) Deacon Spratt going home, "guessed that the wise folk over at the School got it that time; Brother Smith had as good as called Dr. Einbohrer an atheist, and as for an atheist, in his (Spratt's) opinion, he wasn't much better than a man who didn't believe in a God!"

Dr. Einbohrer was not vindictive, but when it was told at the School one morning that this Parson, who presided over the only Protestant church in the village, had so sprained his ankle that he would be unable to stand in the pulpit that Sunday, our teacher showed no signs of melancholy, but said that, as through a dispensation, against which, with due respect to the reverend Smith, he was not disposed to complain, his pupils were prevented from going to church, he would respectfully invite them to accompany him to his church. There was an unusual tenderness about him to-day, we thought, though perhaps our impression might have arisen from the unusualness of the invitation itself.

After walking under an ardent sun for several miles, we arrived at a secluded and beautiful grove. As its cool shade fell on us, I could but exclaim, "O Socrates, this shall be our academy!" "Let us all be pupils, then, to-day," he replied, with friendliness. Presently one of our company discovered a spring, which, after our walk, we greeted with the joy of Hagar. As we were moist-

ening our fervid lips, some letters engraved on the rock which overhung the water attracted our eyes. Although done by no artist, the words were all plain, as follows: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." When we came to the good Doctor, who had seated himself, and told him what we had seen, the absence of all surprise (and he never affected anything) convinced us that this place had witnessed his silent worship before. His only reply on the inscription was, "Think you that the words would have been better from Parson Smith or the spring?"

"Here, then," said he, half musingly, "is the temple to which the ransomed shall come with thanksgiving in their hearts,—Nature. Nature can not be improved upon, when we remember that the power which improves is Nature. Men have imitated these trunks and radiating tops in their church pillars; the embrace of the branches with one another they have carried into the arches of the roof; they have tried to travesty the wind as it roars in solemn chant through the forest, into their organ. But, alas! in more senses than he intended might Coleridge have called a cathedral a 'petrified religion;' for in proportion as the travesty is a work of true Art, does any sermon we may hear therein petrify that uprising spirit which grows in holy silence under Nature and Art. I desire not their patch-work, nor their Horn-books, but will come into the direct presence of those influences of which all these are poor imitations or perversions.

"But let us see what curious flower that is which grows in the sun."

As we approached with him, he suddenly paused and bade us be still, since that was a mystic flower which God had sent to be Priest in his Temple. It was certainly an unusual flower. In the centre it was a bright scarlet, but around it were little duplicate petals of a bright yellow. None of us had seen such a flower. We could also detect a slight tremulous motion, one could almost say e-motion, in it, although all else was still in a breathless atmosphere. But what was our astonishment to find the little duplicate petals which flowered on the brim of the calyx, suddenly fall off, and instead of being scattered to the ground, assumed fan-like wings and began to fly off, leaving the scarlet and green alone.

"Thus have these little butterflies," said the Doctor, "joined to greet the appearance of this *Passiflora*, which so rarely ventures out of its tropical home. There are but two kinds which come from the tropic to the temperate zone. From its pious associations one might almost fancy this Passion-flower an earnest missionary, which could brave the northern wind to show us the cross graven on its heart. It blooms now before Holy Rood day, however, on this soil. It is the first time I have seen the *granadilla* here. You know, doubtless, that it grows in southern regions, that it bears fruits which are eaten in the West Indies and other places, whilst its roots are poisonous narcotics. So do many hated sins and sad experiences feed a high and fruitful life, full of fragrance and good.

"But let us obey the call of this teacher, and think of one point by which in our usual studies we must link all nature into a circle, which is the sign of Perfection, for it is said truly, that God is a circle whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere.

"To be humanized is the aspiration of all things. The hard rock lives and aspires to pass into vegetable and atmosphere, and somehow at last lodge itself in the brain or bone of man. There are living and dead minerals, live rock and dead, the stone-mason will tell you. These go into vegetable, zoöphyte, and pass on into highest forms. So, we must not only acknowledge our relationship with the animals, but with that Passion-flower, with every fibre of Nature. Depend on it, all that is has its secret thread to ourselves, and may teach us.

'A subtle chain of countless rings
The next unto the farthest brings;
The eye reads omens where it goes,
And speaks all languages the rose;
And striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form.'

"Let me now show that we can not tell how far *conscious* life descends from man, as we have seen that we could not define thought in its immense range. We know that animals not only feel, but are individual minds. The various species of animals are as distinctive in their dispositions as in physical differences: one is mild, another fierce, etc. Now an individual is, of course, a unit. Well, then, let us take a zoöphyte, or any, the lowest

form of animal life. The sponge is a common instance: here is an animal, and yet, as far as we can describe it, we must describe it as a vegetable. It is, without doubt, part animal, part vegetable. But as we have seen that an animal is an indivisible unit, we must assert that the vegetable part is also animal: and when we have been compelled to the conclusion that one vegetable has animal life and feeling, by what logic do we deny the same to others which can not so readily manifest their feeling? If it is said that the fact that it can not manifest its conscious life is proof that it has none, let us try this by an analogue. What would we say of a man who has no higher life than he expresses by word and act? Can man always realize his ideal? can he find right words for his best thoughts? I trust not. Then the principle of judging by manifestations fails. We know not what aspirations the worm may have to be the bird that bears it to its nest; nor what strife is in the leaf to become the worm that consumes it."

Here the Doctor paused, but presently continued:

"I would acknowledge the Mystery of Life, nor fail in caution where all is on the verge of speculation. I would, like the knight of old, have written on three sides of our Temple of Philosophy 'Be Bold,' but on the fourth, 'Be not too Bold.' But I believe the tendency of facts now is to give a higher existence to all things than has hitherto been ascribed to them. To this day Science stands before the Mimosa, and when asked 'Why does it shrink?' replies, 'No man knows, but the best theory is that it has some sort of nervous system.' But nerves imply pain and pleasure. So the Mimosa *suffers*. But we can not imagine God as permitting *pain* anywhere in the universe, except for *moral uses*, else it is cruelty. So must we not conclude that this sensitive plant has its grief and hope?"

"But when Science is asked, What is the sap of plants? it says only that there is some force in the earth that makes milk healthy for the cocoa, and numberless other plants, as well as for the animal, and that all sap differs from human blood only in some slight things, such as the infusion into the latter of a metallic substance."

"Then," suggested I, "when we call the rose 'Maiden's Blush,' it is truer than we have thought it."

"It is not altogether a fancy; the blood mounts alike in cheek and roseleaf," said the Doctor, "nor do we know what tender

love for the sky that makes the violet forever reflect its pure blue depths. Nor is the Linnæan idea of sexes and love in plants exploded, but confirmed. We have all seen that by a recent paper read before the Royal Society of Venice, all the potato disease in Ireland and Germany has been proved by eminent authority to be *Love-Sickness*, and by reason of the cure since tried, of putting an artichoke, or some plant unlike, but of congenial nature, near it, the inhabitants have had no reason to starve, or even sing, 'Potatoes, they are small, down below.' It is as old as Theophrastus, that the hemp-plant, date-palm or Pistachio, will never thrive except with their 'better halves' planted near. Micheli observed well the *Vallisneria Spiralis*, an Italian water-plant; and he found that there were in this species two kinds, one in which seeds were found, with long stems holding the flowers above the water, the other fixed at the bottom of the water, with short stalk. At a certain time the latter breaks from its stem, and with all the enthusiasm of Leander swimming the Hellespont, comes to the surface, swims to the other, which thus perfects its development.

"Plants, too, are in the wondrous link of mysterious life. We may trace a small arc of the circle in this instance. The hot sand of Zahara starts the heavy winds of their seeding season. These winds may bear death to the caravan, but they also bear to the dates the pollen of their fellows, for scores of miles over to Bile-julderid, and other countries, which alone can give them fruitfulness, sustaining millions. The figs of Smyrna depend on the flight of the gall-fly from the blossom of one to that of the other; and so the lilies of Kamschatka depend on the roguish beetle. We see a field of corn, full of yellow, red, white and other colors in its grain. This is because the air has taken the pollen, and after mingling it in various proportions, lodges it on the germinating ears. And how else are the Malay, Caucasian, Ethiop, Mongolian races mingled in all lands to reproduce stronger and better nations? Also, we expect from plants some maternal instinct and affection. When Prof. Agassiz, years ago, questioned the superiority of polycotilodonous to the dicotilodonous plants, simply because they appeared earlier in the earth's crust, he had no reason. But on investigation he found that the Polycotilodonous did not protect their seed with its little leafy cradle so well as the Dicotilodonous, and all botanists agreed that this was proof of inferiority. But

enough : there is one point where all organized beings are brothers — in the germ-cell.

“ It is because of these facts that the spirit of man has learned to feel the pressure of a conscious universe — to see that each is in all and all in each, and that there is a reason why the bird and flower find their mates fluttering and blooming in the human breast. The instinct of gratitude, which began by worshipping the sun for its light and heat, did not die when its object was found to be unconscious ; but felt after the Essence subtler than Light, infusing it with the warmth of Love — as we look beyond the action of a friend to the spirit in which he has done it. Thus we come to revere, through a most delicate function, the Spirit or Animus of Nature, and name it Good. Looking upon the Auroral Light, confessing our ignorance, we yet know that it is Electric Light because of the agitations of the magnetic needle under it ; looking up to the everlasting stars, burning there in the coronet of Infinitude, is there not, amid all our ignorance, a trembling within which bears witness to the Essence of All ? ”

— This was our last day with Einbohrer. Why, is a long story : one day, perhaps, I shall give it, with several other Lectures.

Peace and Joy attend thee, dear and wise Master !

THE CITIZEN AND THE DRAMA.

A Lecture delivered before the Phoenix Dramatic Association, October 25, 1860.

BY M. D. CONWAY.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES :— I greet you early in your career as a Society. It is the fable of that mythic, and, it must be confessed, much picked bird, whose name the circumstances of your origin have made appropriate to you, that at the end of its period it flies to burn itself to ashes in the sun ; a few days after this there appears in the ashes an egg, and soon after from the egg a worm, and from the worm comes, at length, a fledgling, till at last the Phoenix itself has grown and is able to strike the air with free pinion. Your Society has already passed from the embryo ; indeed,

it no longer creeps : it hastens on to the period when, winged with the beautiful Arts, it shall aspire and attain a noble success.

It is a moment to remember the fine saying of Schiller, that to the artist is entrusted the dignity of man. The culture of the Arts is the necessary accompaniment of every human interest ; without it, labor is drudgery, and religion stony ; it is the genial moisture and light, which mingle with the hard rock of life, changing it to the stem, leaf and flower of truth, beauty and worship. To trace the influence of any Art, and acknowledge at every step our indebtedness to it, is a pleasing task ; but the scenery amidst which I stand blend most naturally with that special one which you may be supposed to have most at heart, next to the good-fellowship you would foster. I propose, then, to consider the relations and duties of the citizen to the Drama.

My subject has the greater attraction for me because of my conviction that there is a serious misunderstanding of it in the popular mind. Music, painting and sculpture have won their way into public favor, but the Drama is still under a cloud. How thick this fog is may be estimated by the fact that the genius of Shakspeare, Sheridan, and Schiller, and the many lesser but fair lights shining upon it, have been unable to dissipate the suspicions of Religion, or engage the friendship, or more than the toleration, of the thinking classes. Still does the Drama sit with the mob ; still is the Pegasus yoked with the ox.

In speaking of the citizen, we mean the man in his relations with all other men. Every man is two men ; he is John Doe, or Richard Roe, and he is a man made up by the hatter, tailor, instructor, artist, farmer, and preacher. In one sense his house is his castle ; in another, the upholsterer, the butcher, the carpenter have as free access to it as he. As a citizen he is a public soul ; his interest is identified with every man's interest. And as he is faithful in these related duties, or unfaithful, is he a good or bad citizen. All the evils of Society arise from an infidelity to citizenship ; the preference of private interests over the interests of man. It is Humanity at large robbed for the interests of a separate class, — capitalist, slaveholder, or priesthood. When you can get a man who is a citizen, who feels that before he was a merchant or a mechanic he was a man, you can reason with him ; he needs only a clear sight of the facts in any case to do right. But when you get hold of one who thinks that the end and aim of creation

was to fill his pocket, that the sun rises to light his cigar, that fire exists in nature to cook his dinner, that the American eagle is glorious only on his half-dollar, then you have got hold, not of a man, but of a piece of patent-leather or dry-goods.

It is to the citizen, then, that I wish to show how the Drama is of the legitimate family of humane and beautiful Arts, and how truly it stands related, actually, not ideally, to all the institutions and interests which promote human welfare.

It is to the honor of Human Nature, and sufficiently contradicts the doctrine of its depravity, that every Institution, which would get itself established in good society, must first get of Religion leave to exist at all. The pioneers of every Art have been martyrs. So that, because Religion became artificial, Art has grown artful, and always seeks to get on the blind side of the Church,—not a very hard thing to do, by the way. But the Stage has never made friends with the Church; because the Stage existed to represent that very human nature which the Church existed to denounce. The friends of the Theatre have every reason to be thankful that, since the early divorce of the Stage from the Church, the alliance has not been renewed.

It can never be an Institution worthy of the admiration of the citizen if it sets itself to build up religions, any more than if it sets itself to build up politics or the mercantile interest. The Church is sectarian; Politics are partizan; the Theatre, thank God, is neither; and the citizen, pledged to all that elevates man, and not any section of him, can not be sectarian. But to the Moral Sentiment—any attempt to shut up which in any Church must, as Pascal said, have the same result as if it were attempted to shut up the sunlight—namely, darkness,—the Drama can make a confident appeal, not as its representative, but as its friend.

We are told, in one of the numbers of the *Spectator*, that when Sir Roger de Coverley went to live in his castle, he found that his venerable aunt had closed up a large portion of the building. In one chamber a murder had been committed in old times, and that was barred up; in another room some one had died a sudden death, and all entrance to that was forbidden; here a ghost had been seen, and there strange sounds heard; until, for one thing or another, the superstitious old lady had scarcely left the poor Knight space enough to eat and sleep. Man, entering upon his fair estate of Life and Nature, finds that the Church, a venerable

but superstitious old lady, has done pretty much the same by his castle. Bringing him to a few closets of Life, the Church says, "These are all you are to have. All those other rooms which you desire to enter, where is mirth, music, and dancing, the departments of taste, and fancy, and laughter,—these are all bolted and barred. You must be contented with this closet for this world; you will have room enough to sing and pray, and you shall have your jolly time in the next world, with the additional pleasure of seeing all who have enjoyed themselves in this world consigned to everlasting fires."

Perhaps some poor fellow, thus addressed by the Church, may make bold to ask, "For what were those rooms made by the builder of the house: are rooms and doors made to be nailed up?"

"Well," says the Church, "we don't know exactly why the Architect did leave so much room for fun, and play, and dancing. But we know that some evils have happened there, and so we have shut them up."

"But," replies the objector, "some people have been drowned in the water; shall I therefore eschew water altogether? Shall the bee abandon the flowers because the spider sucks poison from them?"

Then the Church gets irritated, and replies, "Hush, you unregenerate man; it is the Old Adam in you that desires these sinful pleasures; if you don't crush him out of you, then you will go straight to Hell!"

But that Old Adam will yet prove too much for the Young Church.

That Old Adam is God's Law, which was laid deep with the foundations of the Earth. The heart of man has put forth a thousand churches, and shed them again as leaves in Autumn; and it remains fixed and rooted in the eternal Law, to which ages and institutions are obedient. Year after year this Old Adam goes on breaking through one after another of the doors which had been barred, and ever leading man toward a full possession of his many-chambered palace.

Amongst the last doors to yield will be that to the Theatre. And why? Because it is not one delight or Art, but all of them. The Church might wink at a little dancing here, or a frolic there; but to have all the gayeties and Arts concentrated into one rival Insti-

tution, requires a concession that the Church is scarcely up to. But it is quite complimentary to the Theatre: were it not attractive, it would not need to be denounced.

Having thus made our peace with the moral sentiment, if not with the Church, our subject comes fairly before the citizen, and makes its case.

And, first of all, it is to be represented that the Theatre gives substantial, regular, and material encouragement to every variety of trade, mechanic art, and fine art in a community. It is probable that the public little understands the extent of employment furnished by our Theatres. I have found, by personal investigation, that every Theatre gives regular and well-paid occupation to from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five persons; that is, persons who live almost entirely by the Theatre. In the city of Cincinnati the Theatres furnish an entire livelihood to about four hundred persons, each year.

The Theatres of this city expend among machinists, mechanics, and for glues, paints, ropes, gas, coal, lumber, dry-goods, more money than goes into trade from all the Churches and Schools combined. The Drama in this city, with four Theatres, purchases its right to live with the handsome annual sum of \$150,000.

At this point the manager, or lessee, or owner of the Theatre has a right to inquire of the citizen if there is a response coördinate with this immense outlay? It does pain me to see men of unwearied industry laboring year in and year out to amuse, instruct and elevate mankind; perhaps building for us, as one honored man, worthy of the high name of Citizen, has done, a Palace of Art; employing every species of toil during the day, and blessing it with beauty at night; making our city attractive to the stranger and sojourner of a night, who otherwise would not stop here, but who does stop here and put money into the pockets which never gave a dollar for the Theatre; paying the highest rents and the highest insurances, to amuse us; and after doing all this, never feeling sure of their audiences, always certain that the best citizens will not be in them. I wonder that there is not more recklessness, carelessness, bombast and nonsense on the Stage; and more spleen against the self-righteous classes which abandon this Institution, that shields them from paupers, and animates every vein and artery of the trade by which they live.

In the next place, it is to be regarded that the Theatre is the

only form in which Poetry and Art become democratic. Shakspeare comes down from the scholar's shelf, and through the interpretation of Booth or Cushman, comes as near to the flatboatman as to Messrs. Knight and Collyer. So do the great composers; I heard a news-boy, the other day, whistling on the street a theme from the overture of *Der Freischutz*. I know that it is supposed by those who do not attend the Theatre, that the Arts represented there are of a very low degree: if this were so, the sufficient answer would be, Help then to make them better,—since, good or bad, the people have no other. But it is decidedly not so. The Music, for example, at our regular theatrical exhibitions, is better than at any seven in ten of the Concerts given in our public halls during the year, where our respectabilities go and pay twice the price paid the Theatre. The constant practice necessary in an Orchestra makes the average instrumentation excellent, and, as for the music selected, we have such overtures as *Der Freischutz*, *Taunhäuser*, *William Tell*, *Semiramide*, and *Caliph of Bagdat*; German waltzes, and Themes of Italian operas. In our Cincinnati Theatres poor music is quite rare. As to the scenery, our experience is equally fair; as the chief beauty of the theatrical scenery is derived from Light, the first of artists, who can make daubs radiant, I need only say that in this city the assistants of Light are usually artists of good repute. We do not fear that any one with an eye in his head will look upon the Drop Curtain in the Opera House, of this city, and not recognize in it a very high order of Art. As to the costumes, there is, perhaps, more popular misapprehension than about anything else connected with the Theatre. It is supposed that the wardrobe of a Theatre abounds in gaudy, flimsy trappings, dependent on the illusions of the place for their elegance. But there is no more illusion here than in real life; the stage-silks and velvets are generally of even a superior quality, and many a costume, supposed to be tinsel, has cost one or two hundred dollars.

Now, our position is that these are so many elevating forms of Beauty *popularized*,—lavished on the masses with a fulness and cheapness akin to the splendors of Nature, herself. And they are but a chorus about that leading Dramatic Art, most excellent of all, which in tragedy and comedy weaves the sombre and bright threads of daily life into the vesture of Beauty, the handmaid of Truth; or in song sends a subtle joy along the worn nerves; or

in the dance rises higher yet, and restores us to the fairy-land which lay so softly about our childhood. One day, my friends, we shall recognize in the outlawed actors, mimists, dancers, the priests and priestesses of a sacred, sensuous civilization. They are doing for the neglected senses and ragged passions of the people what some philanthropists are doing for beggar boys and ragamuffins in the streets,—they dress up those senses and passions in presentable clothes, and teach them that they are something and have something to do. Shall laughter, frolic and fun be vagabonds forever? Shall human follies and weaknesses be clear loss, and not even teach us a lesson nor give us a laugh as they pass? Nay, replies the Drama, our mimic stage shall photograph the round world and all that therein is; never was there absurd fashion but it grew out of man, never a thing so ridiculous but somebody has said it or done it, and each and every hath its orbit; our Art shall translate them, and under her guidance man shall enter into all that man has done, unscathed.

And this brings us to remind our citizen that the stage is an important means of the remedial force (*vis medicatrix*) which exists in the characters of men as in their bodies. Let me not be misunderstood in what I am about to say. I do not believe that the theatre ever can exist for the purposes of moral or religious or reformatory influence; nor do I desire it. The sentimental, moral or anti-slavery or temperance plays fall from grace as soon as they touch the stage. But it is inevitable that some effect must be produced upon the minds of men by holding up in other forms their follies and vices. The Lothario in the pit hisses the Lothario of the stage. There is a relentless impersonality about the play that sifts you like wheat, and you can call nobody to account. In one of his letters, the celebrated Anonym Junius says, "I will not call your Lordship a liar, but I will prove you one." The Theatre is equally delicate with the poor wretch it has cornered in the boxes; and who is forced to see his folly, his petty tyranny, his licentiousness dressed up into some effigy called Surface, or Dogberry, without the poor compensation of calling out, "Do you mean me, sir?" If he is in church, and the preacher hits too close, he may revenge himself by slamming the pew-door after him, and marching out on audible boot-heels; but if he does that in the Theatre, the audience only thinks he is a little dry. It is a good way toward the cure of any deformity when a man

finds a mirror which shows him to himself as he is seen by other people. This suggests to us, also, the reason why, from its very nature, the Drama saves itself from doing any positive harm : it depends for its very existence upon holding the mirror up to what already exists, without adding thereto. It can not create the evils which it is its mission to illustrate, for, as Mr. Unit says, "It wouldn't pay, sir." The Theatre succeeds only so far as it gives a true exposé of what already exists. Only the sophisticated can understand the innuendo on the stage ; and such understanding shows that the harm is already done.

Whilst we are touching on the alleged evils of the stage, let us refer to a problem which has arisen, and which is destined to become quite prominent in the discussion, namely, the Morality of Stage Dances. It will become more and more prominent, because there is an evident tendency of the popular taste to abandon, to some extent, the heavy and formal drama, for the more brilliant Spectacle and Pantomime. These are generally accompanied with a Ballet, and rarely fail to draw full houses. Outcries are already heard against the Ballets, from the "ower guid an' rigidly righteous," whose business it is to protect the morals of other people. The charge is chiefly against the short dresses which the danseuse is compelled to wear, for without it she can not dance. One who has traced in the past the same squeamishness as it denounced the undraped forms created by the sculptor and the painter, and how it gave way before the purer and severer voice of High Art, will see how the objections to the Ballet must share the same fate. I know a gentleman who brought a nude statue from Europe, and took it out to his home in the West. It was a fine copy of the Medicean Venus. When it was taken from its box in the presence of a select company, there was a gentle scream from all the ladies. Many of them left the room : how many fainted I do not know. Next day his wife and sisters made a gown for Venus, fearing, they said, that she would catch cold. All this happened in the neighborhood of Egypt, I believe. And thus a statue, created to lead men on to the age of innocence, stands there in a cambric gown, the constant reminder of shame. Of course, to the gross all things are gross, as to the pure all things are pure. But still, it is the high prerogative of Art to bring, with the rest of the Graces, the restraining grace of Reason. In Art alone Liberty and Moderation unite, and her stimulant is only equalled

by her check. Her high mission, also, it is to lift us out of the very conventionalities and fashions by which men would judge the dancer. For true Art is the twin sister of Nature, and can not be drawn by human impurity into any disrespect toward Nature. Vulgar people think that Nature has disgraced herself in giving women complete sets of limbs, and that Society is lost if such facts are not concealed. But Art knows that Nature, truly interpreted, is everywhere both sacred and beautiful; and ray by ray, just as human eyes can bear it, she discloses and interprets that beauty: and man will not be entitled to his noblest crown until any veil whatever can be withdrawn from Nature without starting a low emotion in his breast. As it is, we have got only a little beyond the barbarous nations with whom an unveiled face is a dishonor. Our Naturalists must yet veil the truths of Nature in Greek and Latin names. It is enough for all argument that the Dance rests on as definite a basis in Nature as the Drama. All nations have their dances, as they have their religion and their literature; and it is remarkable that, instead of being representative of anything low and vile, the national dances begin as religious observance. So did Miriam and David dance. So do the spinning dervishes of the East dance that sacred dance, which is supposed to harmonize in its movements with the motions of the heavenly bodies. A deep truth underlies that creed, for man, in dancing, does keep time with the music and measure of Nature, which is everywhere a sacred dance, from the mote in the sunbeam up to the stupendous cotillon of planets.

Music and Dancing have passed down through the ages of mankind, two beautiful sisters, leaving fragrant flowers to mark their footsteps, and it will be hard to condemn the one without discrediting the other. Indeed, with Philosophy it has always been a question which was the more elevating. The French say, "What can not be said can be sung, and what can not be sung can be danced." It is now quite an old story, but will bear repeating, that Emerson and Margaret Fuller went to see Fanny Ellsler dance in Boston; and when she had paused in a sublime *posè*, Emerson said, "Margaret, it is Poetry!" and Margaret replied, "Ralph, 'tis Religion!" I wish the story was true, but I'm afraid it isn't. It would form a suggestive contrast of Emerson with Thomas Carlyle, who could see nothing in the danseuse but "a pair of run-mad scissors, stuck on one point, the other stretched

in the air at an angle of 90°, and bidden rest with open blades, and stand there in the Devil's name."

We have long thought of that invisible man, the stage-manager, as the legitimate successor to Prospero; for is he not Lord of the Enchanted Isle, who receives us from the billows of the day—a wrecked populace—to charm us with visions of Beauty? But never can he be more truly compared to the glorious old magician, than when, obedient to his wand, the magnificent realms of *Færie* send their gauze-clad dreams to meet us, and woo us softly back to sweet Arcadian days, when we walked on purer Earth with Cinderilla and Fortunatus for our companions.

And here let me remind the Citizen, as an offset to the charge of impurity, that it is in the Theatre alone that full justice is done to woman, to both her labor and her intellectual dignity. In the State woman has no existence in her own right; she can not hold property separately, nor vote, nor hold office. In the Church she is a cipher, whilst she is spending her time making ministerial slippers and ottomans. I know of only two places where it is clearly understood that women have souls, to-wit., the Quaker meeting and the Theatre. The most distinguished preachers among the Quakers are women. But it is on the Stage alone that every land may acknowledge a Queen. The most cultivated Englishmen maintain that the most radical blunder that America has made is in following the Salic Law, which excludes women from participation in public affairs, and point to feminine sovereignty as the soul of England's strength. It is rather shabby, that if Americans wish to pray for a Queen, they have to pray for England's Queen. But in the Drama she has no such restriction; through it lies woman's clearest path into all her rights; there the Muses and the Graces are weaving her coronet; in her quiet step on the stage I hear the shaking of nations. It is Ristori who has made the tyrants of Southern Europe close the Theatres, which are ever on the side of the People. And I prophesy that on our city's most magnificent stage, where last Saturday a Southern politician (Mr. Yancey) stood to defend Slavery, an American Ristori will one day stand to announce Slavery's overthrow.

The Theatre not only honors woman, and emancipates her intellect, but it does something more sacred yet by her: it pays her full and solid wages. Our Schools and Colleges, without exception, stint woman in her wages; in them the stupidest man gets

more than the brightest woman for the same offices ; but in the Theatre, if there is any difference in rates, it is in favor of woman.

Let us take a lesson just here, gentlemen, of the difference between the real and the seeming. The respectabilities and the sternly virtuous accuse the Theatre as the corrupter of feminine purity. So says the pious merchant who gives a woman sixty cents for a shirt which he sells for three dollars ; so says the preacher who denounces all efforts at opening new employments for woman as woman's-rights-ism. The Theatre, oh, shocking ! Just here the Theatre comes in and actually saves woman from her most terrible temptation by paying her enough money to support herself. Such wages can be found nowhere else. Also, a high intellectual employment is given that secures her from that idle mind which is the "devil's work-shop." Thus the Theatre doesn't talk about woman's virtue : it saves woman. Even the ballet-girls, whose business it is to stand on the stage in those short dresses which so distress the sanctified, thereby get four or five dollars a week, and are left the whole daytime in which to get wages for other work.

Let me, in conclusion, gentlemen, warn you as friends of the Dramatic Art, that it requires a severe censorship. The classic adage holds that the corruption of the best is the worst. The power to elevate implies a proportionate power to degrade. So you must,—whilst maintaining that the pure have their rights as well as the impure ; that the standard of taste is not to be levelled for the vulgar more than raised for the refined ; that because a brother has sore eyes and can not bear the light is no reason for the sound-eyed being shut up in a dark room,—at the same time, take care that our light is the true light, and not that *ignis fatuus* which proceeds from corruption. Like your Phoenix, we must devote ourselves only on the altar of the Sun. Ruskin says that we should "go to Nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thought but how best to penetrate her meaning ; rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, scorning nothing." This is a creed which can only be practised without peril by one who knows that Art is the true interpreter of Nature, and the guide into her mysteries. And I do not fear but that such an one will see the following two things concerning the Drama.

First, that it is a power. Whether the water-fall shall turn

spindles and clothe men depends upon them ; in any case it is a power in Nature. So, whatever may be said of the uses and abuses of the Drama, it is an undeniable resident force among men. Every gesture which a man makes in conversation or public speaking recognizes that power. The fireside games of the young, charades, tableaux, and the like, derive their fascination from it. The Religions of the World have an influence and strength wide in proportion to the dramatic and scenic resources they employ. Every one knows how much the Catholic Religion is indebted for its prevalence with the masses, to its pictures, costumes and music, and its *dramatis personæ* of saints. So the Calvinistic world builds on this natural instinct when it brings Father, Son and Holy Ghost to enact the drama of Salvation : its Hell, even, has a certain tragic sublimity about it ; out of it the ancients drew the Prometheus Vincetus and Eumenides. Quakerism, with a higher faith than either of these, is dying out because it has ostracised scenery and theatricals ; Methodism also decays, except where it can have camp-meetings and excitements.

Secondly, he will see in it something elevating. Michael Angelo, himself a creator and prophet of the Beautiful, has said, "Heat can as easily be separated from fire as Beauty from the Eternal." The tendency of Beauty everywhere is to stimulate the immortal part of man. So in all the instances we have observed, where the dramatic element has been united with gross superstitions and religious fanaticisms, the beauty has saved men from the evil. Do we wonder how it was that Romanism in its most corrupt age had still vitality enough to train up in Luther and Melanethon the very hands which should destroy her ? They were fostered by the beauty, the scenery, music, saints, Madonna and Child, which were theatrical accompaniments of the error. In the same way Puritanism, preserving the dramatic element in its creed, yielded us Parker and Channing.

Seeing, then, in the Drama a Power, and an elevating Power, let us marry it with Truth, as it has hitherto been united with Error ; let us take it to embalm freedom, instead of abandoning it to the low work of preserving tyranny. Long enough have the old ruins monopolized these graceful morning-glories ; let us train them to climb on the walls and roofs which protect, not bats and owls, but living men.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Recent Inquiries in Theology. By eminent English Churchmen: being "Essays and Reviews." Reprinted from the second London Edition. Edited, with an Introduction, by Rev. FREDERIC H. HEDGE, D.D. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1860. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

Let no reader mistake the immense significance of this volume. These Essays are in their boldness, their grasp, far beyond even the Unitarianism of Europe and America; the chosen disciples of Free-thought timidly held their peace, and now the stones are crying out! Let the reader mark well that these Anglican Churchmen, who elaborate the views essentially held by Theodore Parker, are not a few rebellious and uneasy minds in the Established Church,—they are not the already "spotted" Kingsleys, Maurices, and Stanleys,—but they are *par excellence* expounders of Theology therein. What they say is *ex cathedra*. There are seven Essays in this volume:—"The Education of the World," by Frederick Temple, D.D., Chaplain to the Queen, and Head Master of Rugby; Bunsen's "Biblical Researches," by Rowland Williams, D.D., Vice-Principal and Professor of Hebrew, St. David's College, Lampeter; "On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity," by Baden Powell, Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford; "The National Church," by H. B. Wilson, B.D.; "On the Mosaic Cosmogony," by C. W. Goodwin; "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688-1750," by Mark Pattison, B.D.; "On the Interpretation of Scripture," by Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford. No men could have been selected whose word would carry more official weight, and few who, apart from position, have a better right as scholars and thinkers to speak on the all-important themes chosen. Let us quote some of the conclusions which we are now to regard as Episcopal Orthodoxy. Dr. Williams says: "We can not encourage a remorseless criticism of Gentile Histories, and escape its contagion when we approach Hebrew Annals." A good enough suggestion to those who wish us to laugh at the idea of Romulus and Remus suckled by a wolf, but believe that a penny was brought up by a fish to furnish Jesus with money to pay a tax. Again he says: "Considerations, religious and moral, no less than scientific and critical, have, where discussion was free, widened the idea of revelation for the Old World, and deepened it for ourselves; not removing the footsteps of the Eternal from Palestine, but tracing them on other shores." Boston stoned Parker for planting religion on that universal basis,—it makes a low bow to Rowland Williams! Nay, we can not fail to remember how angrily Dr. Hedge, who edits this work, resisted the proposition to send a kind word from the Alumni to their dying brother; when we find Baden Powell, ere he too passed away, leaving a kind word for that American heretic, and declaring that none "evinced a more deep-seated and devout belief in the Divine perfections." So also does he, calling them by name, give his right hand to Emerson, Newman, Sterling, and Wegscheider. From this noble Essay here are some golden grains: "Any appeal to argument must imply perfect freedom of conviction;" "The miracles which, in a former age, were among the chief supports of Christianity, are at present among the main difficulties and hindrances to its acceptance;" "In Nature, and from Nature, by Science and by Reason, we neither have nor can possibly have any evidence of a *Deity working miracles*; for that we must go out of Nature and beyond Reason;" "The Gospel miracles are always *objects*, not *evidences* of Faith." From Dr. Wilson's very heretical but somewhat casuistic

Essay on the National Church, we pause to quote this: "The phrase, 'the Word of God,' begs many a question, when applied to the canonical books of the Old and New Testaments, and is a phrase which is never applied to them by any of the Scriptural writers." Mr. Goodwin treats the Mosaic Cosmogony exactly as other people have been in the habit of treating that which made the Earth ultimately rest on a tortoise. Nor will he let its advocates shield their stupidity under the falsehood (for with the present state of criticism it is reduced to nothing better) that "six days" mean something else than six days. Mr. Jowett freely declares that, "the tendency in theology has been to conceal the unsoundness of the foundation under the fairness and loftiness of the superstructure;" also: "There is no foundation for any of the higher or supernatural views of inspiration in the Gospels or Epistles." Of this last Essay, we must say that its very wholeness and freedom withhold us from taking out any specimen stones, raised and glorified in this Parthenon of Truth. Let every thinker and student read it thoroughly for himself, and it alone will confirm the important character we have ascribed to the book. It comes to prove to us that Orthodoxy, long known by earnest men to be withered, has now not even "a name to live." There is not one man now in contact with the vital heart of the age who is orthodox, or who is not impatient of being thought so. We can not but reflect how strange it is that these men will allow the blight of a dishonest position to fall on the rich harvest of thought. Of these, only one (Mr. Goodwin) had any scruples at signing the XXXIX. Articles! Conscience in England seems to cast its burthen on the Government. An English Unitarian, finding that a certain gentleman, a stout supporter of the National Church, ridiculed its articles, asked him why he continued in the Church, instead of coming to the Unitarian. He replied, "I go to the Church because it's the Established Thing, and if you'll get your damned thing established, I'll go to that!" There's no wild-fowl like your British Lion for an establishment.

But a sadder thought comes to us as we peruse this book. To the Unitarian Church was assigned the noble work of striking off these fetters, and ignobly has it failed to do the work. The very men, grey-headed and *passee*, are now in their studies in Boston and England, who declined their task, and they have nothing left for them to do but act as lackeys for these who rise up from a passed organization, to accomplish it. If the Unitarians of Cambridge, Boston, and New York, are not lost to shame, they will blush as they read this work; and God grant that with that blush, which should burn upon them, they may gain bravery enough to resolve that hereafter they will help the generation superseding them to be more devoted than their sires.

The Poets and Poetry of the West. With Biographical and Critical Notices.
By W. T. COGGESHALL. Columbus: Follett, Foster & Co. 1860.

We are sorry that this work halted so long before it reached us, that in stead of the leader which it deserves, we must give it a notice quite inferior to its merits. With patient devotion, and with excellent help, our worthy State Librarian has, out of scattered and unhewn stones, raised a very fair Temple of Western Poetry. Some of the stones do not, indeed, seem to fit; we can not imagine why anybody should play such a practical joke on Gov. Chase as to publish his verses. If it were done outside of this book we should call it a piece of democratic malice. We know that the work is not designed to be a selection, so much as a compendium; but some filtration is necessary for all our Western streams before they are drinkable. About half a dozen of these poets should have been omitted, accidentally. But we do not fear that any man will carefully read this

book without seeing that the West has a Symphony to utter, whose keynote is already struck, and which is to make the world pause and listen. The world has heard the song of Memnon in the Orient; it must now turn to hear the Memnon, carved by the Ages, as it shall respond to the glow of the Occident.

The Vocabulary of Philosophy, Mental, Moral, and Metaphysical. With Quotations and References; for the use of students. By WILLIAM FLEMING, D.D., Prof. of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. From the second revised and enlarged London Edition. With an Introduction, Chronology of the History of Philosophy brought down to 1860, Bibliographical Tables, Synthetical Tables, and other additions, by CHAS. P. KRAUTH, D.D., translator of "*Tholuck on the Gospel of John*." Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co. 1860.

The great difficulty on the appearance of a really good book is to get it into the hands that need it and can work with it. Of all men the real student of philosophy has the liveliest suspicion of your Omniumgatherum books, with a theory of God on one page, and a receipt for making jelly on the next. He knows that it is these great, unassimilated masses of facts which make the Professional Schools little better than *Hôtels des Invalides*. He would rather pay any one who would take away the mass of indigestibles he already has, upon which others felicitate him, as if it were accumulated culture. Now, if this word of ours shall reach any such student, let it say to him with full emphasis: Go to G. S. Blanchard of this city, who manages to look up some inestimable books in the philosophic line, and buy this particular work of Dr. Fleming's. We have known scholars who felt their need of it so much that they have sent to London and procured it at a cost two or three times as large as yours will be. No man can read the substantial Literature of the day, such as the works of Emerson, Martineau, Comte, Lewes, Ruskin, without coming across invaluable ideas which must surround themselves with such expressions as Subjective, Objective, Consciousness, Contingent and Necessary, Immanent and Transcendent. These are not fancy-words, but words which mark the determinations of knowledge—Pillars of Hercules. How few understand them! We frequently hear well-educated men use the word "sensuous" as equivalent to "sensual," or "analogy" as identical with "example." This work collecting with each such term, first, its etymological meaning as a word, then the definitions, in brief, of able thinkers, from Aristotle down to the most modern, is sufficient, of itself, to give those to whom metaphysics, though no specialty, are of interest, all the literature of the matter which they need know.

Miss Gilbert's Career: An American Story. By J. G. HOLLAND. New York: Chas. Scribner. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

The indefatigable Mr. Holland, who, amidst the seemingly sufficient cares of editing one of the best Dailies in America, puts forth some little annual episode in the way of an Ethical Guide-book or an Epic Poem, comes before the public this year with a pleasant New England tale. It is remarkable how the mental habit of a people will stick to them amid all changes. Formerly, in New England, the Catechism was the theme of Poetry, and the imagination soared only to the writing of some such book as *Buttons for Believers' Coats*. Children's stories bear to this day the most convincing argument to the young and depraved heart: James and John go a-boating on the Sabbath; the boat is logically capsized, and James is drowned, according to a distributed middle. The Yankee fancy was harnessed to the Five Points in that age; in this it is to the Moral and

Sanitary Reforms. A story which only pleases, without proving any abstract point, is still accounted profane. We do not mean to say that Mr. Holland is not beyond the Catechism and the "Buttons;" his horror of Calvinism is evident; but in his work the old *method* prevails:—the school children all march in as so many pale-faced minor premises to demonstrate the bad effects of cramming the infant mind; Miss Gilbert, overhurred by ambitious training, enters on her career too soon, and her book is a failure—taught by this, she goes on the "slow and sure" principle, and her "Rhododendron" is syllogistically caressed in 20,000 homes! We close the volume exclaiming, Q. E. D.!

Self-Contradictions of the Bible. One hundred and forty-four Propositions, Theological, Moral, Historical and Speculative; each proved affirmatively and negatively, by quotations from Scripture; without comment. Embodying most of the palpable and striking self-contradictions of the so-called inspired Word of God. Fifth Edition. New York: A. J. Davis & Co.

There is about this little pamphlet (price 15 cts.,) an honesty, a simplicity, a thoroughness and a comprehensiveness that makes it the best thing we know to put into the hands of one exercised on the subject of inspiration and the Bible. Whatever falls under these sturdy blows, every one dealt by the Bible itself against the superstitions which are, under guise of protectors, sapping its real and healthy influence, is that which no man is any better for holding on to. The matrix is broken for the gem it contains: so let the dogma of the "Word of God" be broken, that the glorious truths uttered by Prophets and Seers may shine forth.

Harrington: A Story of True Love. By the author of "What Cheer?" etc. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

Although it is on the real side, we must say that it is a shockingly unreal book. Its personalities make it readable; but it can do little credit to the liberal cause. Its pictures of plantation cruelties are extravaganzas, calculated to make a Southerner feel as if it were a clever attempt to out-herod Mrs. Stowe: the work is really one of the many gaily painted boats which have gone out to toss on the waves left in the wake of her large steamers. When we consider that in all the renditions which have disgraced Boston, not one Bostonian has had a scratch, the death of Harrington seems rather satirical. The book is suggestive of footlights on every page: Harrington attitudinizes, and Fernando is an Iago badly rehearsed. It is ingeniously unoriginal in all but the use of words: we stand aghast before "hellion," "wobbling" etc. Parker's learning is *gigantesque*! Goethe is a *scientifician*! We can imagine that a philologist would spell the name of this book *Harrowington*.

The King of the Mountains: From the French of EDMOND ABOUT, author of the "Roman Question," "Germaine," etc. By MARY L. BOOTH. With introduction by Epes Sargent. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1861. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

As Tolla was the Roman Question dramatized, so is the King of the Mountains the Greek Question dramatized. And it is even more successfully done. Neither of these semi-political novels seem to us so sweet, so far-reaching as *Germaine*; but the present one in wit, in humor, in admirable character-sketching, is unequalled by any other work of the Author's, unless it be the *nouvelette*, *Trente et Quarante*. If ever there was a mirror held up to English and American humanity it is that now wrought of the mingled glass and quicksilver which enter so largely into this witty Frenchman.

The Conduct of Life. By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. To be found at G. E. Blanchard's, in this city, after the 11th inst.

Having been kindly furnished, in advance, with sheets of this work, we can give our readers promise of a rare delight.

After having the spell cast by this book broken by the only ugly words in it, "THE END,"—we fastened even on these two, and they seemed to be a mystic key, fitting each link that bound us. Emerson's power seems to be in his method; and this lies in his reporting "the end," or flower, in which each thing culminates. However clamorous the festooners are for leaves and buds, he will not touch his growths until the last purpling touch of sun or frost has been garnered in flower or cluster. Not a sip of grapy wine, even, will he give us,—if one sun-beam or dew-drop of its vintage fails to sparkle in the cup, it must wait its century in the cellar. Provoking as this is to our fast age, it is plainly necessary to the "ministry of reconciliation," to Poet, Seer, and Sage. These bringing the "flower of the mind," must deal with flowers of things; under the sod, root strives with root, but all their blossoms harmonize in the vase of poetry. With the Poet, the Seer of Unity, the New Genesis begins, and the Garden of God reappears, where the lion and the lamb strive not, for the new-born child leads them. As thorns are characteristic of stems, not blooms, so are the antagonisms of the world, and of thought, mere indications that the petals, which carry the eye beyond stems, are yet unopened. The antagonism without is counterpart of that within. The mass of men going into the park, and seeing the waters of a fountain, now leaping high into the air, now precipitated into the basin below, conclude that there are two Laws at work; at length they find that one Law uplifts and casts down the jet. But it must be long ere the hint gets translated into the world of vital antagonisms; long, ere from the realms of God and Evil, Actual and Ideal, Sin and Virtue, the kneeling worshippers shall cry, "The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee!"

This, then, is Emerson's Method: seeing that statements pressed very far seem to exclude others, logicians hurry back, and "hide behind a tomb;" but our Sage has read too far for that,—he presses them still farther, and finds that they include all the other sides, *when they too are pressed to their largest results.* Like a trained naturalist, who, plucking a grass, should read what stratum, and fossils, and metals were beneath his feet, and what beasts around, and where the isothermal line lay,—Emerson performs miracles of simplicity; shows Luther and the Pope twining the same thread, each at his end, and he does not care to conceal how, as an idealist, he must sketch on a back-ground of materialism. He is an Antimonian in "Fate," an Arminian in "Power," in "Wealth" we see the head whose range

"Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other the Exchange;"

in "Culture," the great value of quantity,—in "Behavior," of quality. And then in the Chapters on "Worship," "Considerations by the Way," and "Beauty," the eternal Sea, toward which we had been drifting on all the streams, breaks on our vision, and the thunder-roll of its waves is in our ears: then toil no more at the oars, mariners! *Qua cursum ventus.*

Why labor at the dull, mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing,
Right onward to the Eternal Shore?

THEODORE PARKER.—An admirable likeness of him may be found at Wiswell's. It was modeled by Carw, of Cambridge, and is of raised silver, so wrought as to be purer than marble. As a specimen of a new and beautiful art, it should be seen; by those who wish a true portrait, it should be owned. These are both elegant and cheap.

UNIV. OF MICHIGAN.

FEB 27 1912

